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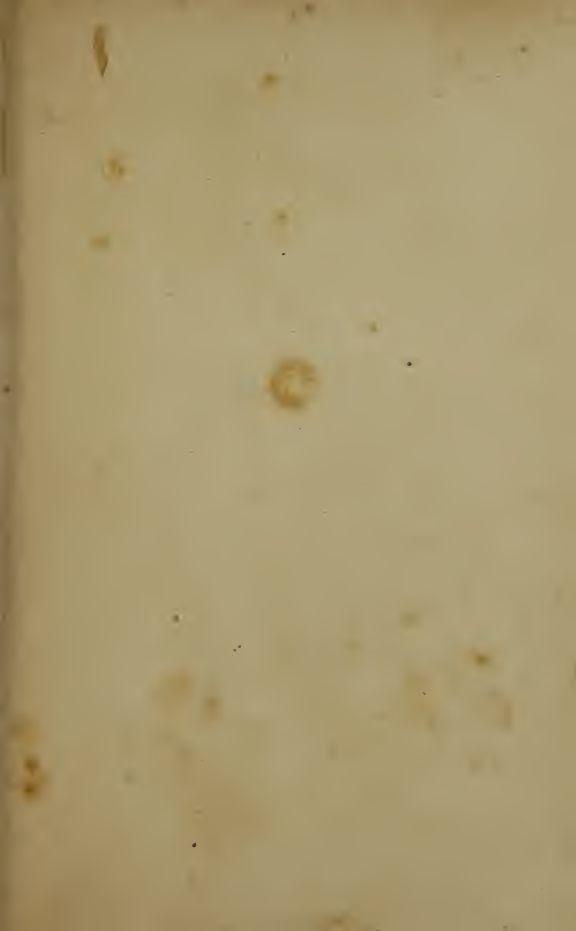
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BALLADS
AND
OTHER POEMS.





Ballads,

and other Poems

BY J. G. WHITTIER.



ST JOHN Page 39

LONDON.

W. TWEEDIE, 337, STRAND,



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P R E F A C E .

The poetry of JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER is not the production of mere artistical enthusiasm. It is the effective weapon which, as a man, he has laid hold of, and used to good purpose, in the great struggle for human rights. He was one of the earliest of the American advocates of "immediate emancipation," and for twelve years has he stood in the front of their battle. His youthful literary efforts were received with uncommon favour by the American public; but no sooner did he, with manly boldness, strike his lyre for impartial freedom, than the public ear was greatly averted, and, out of a small proscribed circle, one heard no more of him than an occasional expression of regret that such talents and prospects should be thrown away. But, thanks to God, his audience is increasing in America. His songs are hewing their way through the frozen barriers of selfishness to the national heart. Though his subjects are chiefly local, yet from the general principles always involved, I cannot but think he will be acceptable to the British reader, to whom I have now the pleasure to introduce him. Those who would

learn the tendencies of republicanism, and especially its effects upon literature, may be assured that Whittier, whatever may be said of other American poets' is of purely republican growth. His poetry borrows nothing from foreign countries or customs. It is an unstudied emanation from his faith in, and attachment to, our free political institutions,—our unshackled Christianity,—and dead indeed must be that heart which is not warmed by the earnestness with which he pleads for the carrying out of these institutions to their full extent and power. In his "Lines written in the book of a friend," he has honestly and vividly depicted the motives which led him to prefer the conflict with slavery to the butterfly-chase of literary fame. In his "Lucy Hooper," we see the temper of his Christianity, too expansive for the trammels of sect. And in "Our Countrymen in Chains," the reader will be struck with his thorough abhorrence of sham liberty, a feeling which, from his whispers to his thunder-tones, he never fails to exhibit. In making this little selection, I feel confident, that, whatever may be the reputation which it will win for my countryman and friend, it will not fail to endear him to the hearts of those who love their race and their God.

ELIZUR WRIGHT, JUN

London, April, 1844.

BALLADS
AND
OTHER POEMS.



BALLADS.

THE NORSE MEN.

Some three or four years since, a fragment of a statue rudely chiseled from dark grey stone, was found in the town of Bradford, on the Merrimack. Its origin must be left entirely to conjecture. The fact that the ancient Northmen visited New England, some centuries before the discoveries of Columbus, is now very generally admitted.

Gift from the cold and silent Past
A relic to the Present cast;
Left on the ever-changing strand
Of shifting and unstable sand,
Which wastes beneath the steady chime
And beating of the waves of Time!
Who from its bed of primal rock
First wrenched thy dark, unshapely block?
Whose hand, of curious skill untaught,
Thy rude and savage outline wrought?
The waters of my native stream
Are glancing in the sun's warm beam:
From sail-urged keel and flashing oar
The circles widen to its shore;

And cultured field and steepled town
Slope to its willowed margin down.
Yet, while this morning breeze is bringing
The mellow sound of church-bells ringing,
And rolling wheel, and rapid jar
Of the fire-winged and steedless car,
And voices from the wayside near
Come quick and blended on my ear,
A spell is in this old grey stone—
My thoughts are with the Past alone!

A change!—the steepled town no more
Stretches along the sail-thronged shore;
Like palace-domes in sunset's cloud,
Fade sun-gilt spire and mansion proud!
Spectrally rising where they stood,
I see the old, primeval wood;
Dark, shadow-like, on either hand
I see its solemn waste expand:
It climbs the green and cultured hill,
It arches o'er the valley's rill;
And leans from cliff and crag, to throw
Its wild arms o'er the stream below.
Unchanged, alone, the same bright river
Flows on, as it will flow forever!
I listen, and I hear the low
Soft ripple where its waters go;
I hear behind the panther's cry,
The wild bird's scream goes thrilling by,
And shyly on the river's brink
The deer is stooping down to drink.

But hark!—from wood and rock flung back,
What sound comes up the Merrimack?

What sea-worn barks are those which throw
The light spray from each rushing prow?
Have they not in the North Sea's blast
Bowed to the waves the straining mast?
Their frozen sails the low, pale sun
Of Thule's night has shone upon;
Flapped by the sea-wind's gusty sweep
Round icy drift, and headland steep.
Wild Jutland's wives and Lochlin's daughters
Have watched them fading o'er the waters,
Lessening through driving mist and spray,
Like white-winged sea-birds on their way!

Onward they glide—and now I view
Their iron-armed and stalwart crew;
Joy glistens in each wild blue eye,
Turned to green earth and summer sky:
Each broad, seamed breast has cast aside
Its cumbering vest of shaggy hide;
Bared to the sun and soft warm air,
Streams back the Norsemen's yellow hair.
I see the gleam of axe and spear,
The sound of smitten shields I hear,
Keeping a harsh and fitting time
To Saga's chant, and Runic rhyme;
Such lays as Zetland's Scald has sung,
His grey and naked isles among;
Or muttered low at midnight's hour
Round Odin's mossy stone of power.
The wolf beneath the Arctic moon
Has answered to that startling rune;
The Gaal has heard its stormy swell,
The light Frank knows its summons well;

Iona's sable stoled Culdee
Has heard it sounding o'er the sea,
And swept with hoary beard and hair
His altar's foot in trembling prayer !

'T is past—the 'wilderer vision dies
In darkness on my dreaming eyes !
The forest vanishes in air—
Hill-slope and vale lie starkly bare ;
I hear the common tread of men,
And hum of work-day life again :
The mystic relic seems alone
A broken mass of common stone ;
And if it be the chiseled limb
Of Berserker or idol grim—
A fragment of Valhalla's Thor,
The stormy Viking's god of War,
Or Praga of the Runic lay,
Or love-awakening Siona,
I know not—for no graven line,
Nor Druid mark, nor Runic sign,
Is left me here, by which to trace
Its name, or origin, or place.

Yet, for this vision of the Past,
This glance upon its darkness cast,
My spirit bows in gratitude
Before the Giver of all good,
Who fashioned so the human mind,
That, from the waste of Time behind
A simple stone, or mound of earth,
Can summon the departed forth ;
Quicken the Past to life again—

The Present lose in what hath been,
And in their primal freshness show
The buried forms of long ago.
As if a portion of that Thought
By which the Eternal will is wrought,
Whose impulse fills anew with breath
The frozen Solitude of Death,
To mortal mind were sometimes lent,
To mortal musings sometimes sent,
To whisper—even when it seems
But Memory's phantasy of dreams—
Through the mind's waste of woe and sin,
Of an immortal origin!

THE NEW WIFE AND THE OLD

Hampton, N. H., is one of the oldest settlements in New England. It has perhaps more than its share of marvellous anecdote, in which the celebrated Gen. M.—a Yankee Faust—is a conspicuous character. The legend versified below was related to me when a child, by a venerable family visitant.

Hampton's woods are still to-night,
As yon spire which breaks the light
Of the half-faced moon. No breeze
Bears the murmur of the seas
From the long white beach, or waves
Elm leaves o'er the village graves.

From the brief dream of a bride,
She hath wakened at his side,
With half-uttered shriek and start—
Feels she not his beating heart?
And the pressure of his arm,
And his breathing near and warm?

Lightly from the bridal bed
Springs that fair dishevelled head;
And, a feeling new, intense,
Half of shame, half innocence,
Maiden fear and wonder, speaks
Through her parted lip and cheeks.

From the oaken mantle glowing
Faintest light the lamp is throwing
On the mirror's antique mould,
High-backed chair, and wainscot old,
And, through faded curtains stealing,
His dark sleeping face revealing.

Listless lies the strong man there,
Silver-streaked his careless hair ;
Lips of love have left no trace
On that hard and haughty face ;
And that forehead's knitted thought
Love's soft hand hath not unwrought.

"Yet," she sighs, "he loves me well,
More than these calm lips will tell
Stooping to my lowly state,
He hath made me rich and great,
And I bless him though he be
Hard and stern to all save me!"

While she speaketh falls the light
O'er her fingers small and white ;
Gold and gem, and costly ring
Back the timid lustre fling—
Love's selectest gifts and rare
His proud hand hath fastened there.

Gratefully she marks the glow
From those tapering lines of snow ;
Fondly o'er the sleeper bending
His black hair with golden blending,
In her soft and light caress,
Cheek and lip together press.

Ah!—that start of horror!—Why
That wild stare and wilder cry,
Full of terror, full of pain?
Is there madness in her brain?
Hark! that gasping hoarse and low;
“Spare me—spare me—let me go!”

God have mercy!—Icy cold
Spectral hands her own unfold,
Drawing silently from them
Love’s fair gifts of gold and gem,
“Waken! save me!”—still as death
At her side he slumbereth

Ring and bracelet all are gone,
And that ice-cold hand withdrawn;
But she hears a murmur low,
Full of sweetness, full of wo,
Half a sigh and half a moan:
“Fear not! Give the dead her own!”

Ah!—the dead wife’s voice she knows!
That cold hand whose pressure froze,
Once in warmest life had borne
Gem and band her own hath worn.
“Wake thee! Wake thee!” Lo, his eyes
Open with a dull surprise.

In his arms the strong man folds her,
Closer to his breast he holds her;
Trembling limbs his own are meeting,
And he feels her heart’s quick beating;
“Nay, my dearest, why this fear?”
“Hush!” she saith, “the dead is here!”

"Nay, a dream—an idle dream."
But before the lamp's pale gleam
Tremblingly her hand she raises,—
There no more the diamond blazes,
Clasp of pearl or ring of gold,—
"Ah!" she sighs, "her hand was cold!"

Broken words of cheer he saith,
But his dark lip quivereth,
And as o'er the Past he thinketh,
From his young wife's arms he shrinketh;
Can those soft arms round him lie,
Underneath his dead wife's eye?

See her fair young head can rest
Soothed and child-like on his breast,
And in trustful innocence
Draw new strength and courage thence;
He, the proud man, feels within
But the cowardice of Sin!

She can murmur in her thought
Simple prayers her mother taught,
And His blessed angels call,
Whose great love is over all;
He, alone, in prayerless pride,
Meets the dark Past at his side!

She, who living shrank with dread,
From his look or word or tread,
Unto whom her early grave
Was as freedom to the slave,
Moves him at this midnight hour,
With the dead's unconscious power!

Ah, the dead, the unforgot !
From their solemn homes of thought,
Where the cypress shadows blend
Darkly over foe and friend,
Or in love or sad rebuke,
Back upon the living look.

And the tenderest ones and weakest,
Who their wrongs have borne the meekest,
Lifting from those dark still places,
Sweet and sad remembered faces,
O'er the guilty hearts behind
An unwitting triumph find.

THE FRATRICIDE

In the recently published "History of Wyoming"—a valley rendered classic ground by the poetry of Campbell—in an account of the attack of Brandt and Butler on the settlements in 1778, a fearful circumstance is mentioned. A tory, who had joined the Indians and British, discovered his own brother, while pursuing the Americans, and, deaf to his entreaties, deliberately presented his rifle and shot him dead on the spot. The murderer fled to Canada.

He stood on the brow of the well known hill,
 Its few grey oaks moan'd over him still—
 The last of that forest which cast the gloom
 Of its shadow at eve o'er his childhood's home ;
 And the beautiful valley beneath him lay
 With its quivering leaves, and its streams at play,
 And the sunshine over it all the while
 Like the golden shower of the Eastern isle.

He knew the rock with its fingering vine,
 And its grey top touch'd by the slant sunshine,
 And the delicate stream which crept beneath
 Soft as the flow of an infant's breath ;
 And the flowers which lean'd to the West wind's sigh,
 Kissing each ripple which glided by ;
 And he knew every valley and wooded swell,
 For the visions of childhood are treasured well

Why shook the old man as his eye glanced down
That narrow ravine where the rude cliffs frown,
With their shaggy brows and their teeth of stone,
And their grim shade back from the sunlight thrown ?
What saw he there save the dreary glen,
Where the shy fox crept from the eye of men,
And the great owl sat in the leafy limb
That the hateful sun might not look on him ?

Fix'd, glassy, and strange was that old man's eye,
As if a spectre were stealing by,
And glared it still on that narrow dell
Where thicker and browner the twilight fell ;
Yet at every sigh of the fitful wind,
Or stirring of leaves in the wood behind,
His wild glance wander'd the landscape o'er,
Then fix'd on that desolate dell once more.

Oh, who shall tell of the thoughts which ran
Through the dizzied brain of that grey old man ?
His childhood's home—and his father's toil—
And his sister's kiss—and his mother's smile—
And his brother's laughter and gamesome mirth,
At the village school and the winter hearth—
The beautiful thoughts of his early time,
Ere his heart grew dark with its later crime.

And darker and wilder his visions came
Of the deadly feud and the midnight flame,
Of the Indian's knife with its slaughter red,
Of the ghastly forms of the scalpless dead,
Of his own fierce deeds in that fearful hour
When the terrible Brandt was forth in power,—
And he clasp'd his hands o'er his burning eye
To shadow the vision which glided by.

It came with the rush of the battle-storm—
With a brother's shaken and kneeling form,
And his prayer for life when a brother's arm
Was lifted above him for mortal harm,
And the fiendish curse, and the groan of death,
And the welling of blood, and the gurgling breath,
And the scalp torn off while each nerve could feel
The wrenching hand and the jagged steel!

And the old man groan'd—for he saw, again,
The mangled corse of his kinsman slain,
As it lay where his hand had hurl'd it then,
At the shadow'd foot of that fearful glen!—
And it rose erect, with the death-pang grim,
And pointed its bloodied finger at him!—
And his heart grew cold—and the curse of Cain
Burn'd like a fire in the old man's brain.

Oh, had he not seen that spectre rise
On the blue of the cold Canadian skies?—
From the lakes which sleep in the ancient wood,
It had risen to whisper its tale of blood,
And follow'd his bark to the sombre shore,
And glared by night through the wigwam door
And here—on his own familiar hill—
It rose on his haunted vision still!

Whose corse was that which the morrow's sun,
Through the opening boughs, look'd calmly on?
There were those who bent o'er that rigid face
Who well in its darken'd lines might trace
The features of him who, a traitor, fled
From a brother whose blood himself had shed,
And there—on the spot where he strangely died—
They made the grave of the Fratricide!

THE BALLAD OF CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK.

In the following ballad, the author has endeavoured to display the strong enthusiasm of the early Quaker, the short-sighted intolerance of the clergy and magistrates, and that sympathy with the oppressed, which the "common people," when not directly under the control of spiritual despotism, have ever evinced. He is not blind to the extravagance of language and action which characterized some of the pioneers of Quakerism in New England, and which furnished persecution with its solitary but most inadequate excuse.

The ballad has its foundation upon a somewhat remarkable event in the history of Puritan intolerance. Two young persons, son and daughter of Lawrence Southwick, of Salem, who had himself been imprisoned and deprived of all his property for having entertained two Quakers at his house, were fined ten pounds each for non-attendance at church, which they were unable to pay. The case being represented to the General Court, at Boston, that body issued an order which may still be seen on the court records, bearing the signature of Edward Rawson, Secretary, by which the Treasurer of the County was "fully empowered to *sell the said persons* to any of the English nation *at Virginia or Barbadoes*, to answer said fines." An attempt was made to carry this barbarous order into execution, but no shipmaster was found willing to convey them to the West Indies. Vide SEWALL'S History, pp. 225—6, G. BISHOP.

To the God of all sure mercies let my blessing rise
to-day,
From the scoffer and the cruel he hath plucked the
spoil away,—
Yea, He who cooled the furnace around the faithful
three,
And tamed the Chaldean lions, hath set His handmaid
free !

Last night I saw the sunset melt through my prison
 bars,
 Last night across my damp earth-floor fell the pale
 gleam of stars ;
 In the coldness and the darkness all through the long
 night time,
 My grated casement whitened with Autumn's early
 rime.

Alone, in that dark sorrow, hour after hour crept by ;
 Star after star looked palely in and sank adown the sky ;
 No sound amid night's stillness, save that which seemed
 to be
 The dull and heavy beating of the pulses of the sea ;

All night I sat unsleeping, for I knew that on the
 morrow
 The ruler and the cruel priest would mock me in my
 sorrow,
 Dragged to their place of market, and bargained for
 and sold,
 Like a lamb before the shambles, like a heifer from the
 fold !

Oh, the weakness of the flesh was there—the shrinking
 and the shame ;
 And the low voice of the Tempter like whispers to me
 came :
 “ Why sit'st thou thus forlornly ! ” the wicked murmur
 said,
 “ Damp walls thy bower of beauty, cold earth thy
 maiden bed ?

“Where be the smiling faces, and voices soft and
sweet,
Seen in thy father’s dwelling, heard in the pleasant
street?
Where be the youths, whose glances the summer Sab-
bath through
Turned tenderly and timidly unto thy father’s pew?

“Why sit’st thou here, Cassandra?—Bethink thee with
what mirth
Thy happy schoolmates gather around the warm bright
hearth;
How the crimson shadows tremble, on foreheads white
and fair,
On eyes of merry girlhood, half hid in golden hair.

Not for thee the hearth-fire brightens, not for thee kind
words are spoken,
Not for thee the nuts of Wenham woods by laughing
boys are broken,
No first-fruits of the orchard within thy lap are laid,
For thee no flowers of Autumn the youthful hunters
braid.

“Oh! weak, deluded maiden!—by crazy fancies led,
With wild and raving railers an evil path to tread;
To leave a wholesome worship, and teaching pure and
sound;
And mate with maniac women, loose-haired and sack-
cloth bound.

“Mad scoffers of the priesthood, who mock at things
divine,
Who rail against the pulpit, and holy bread and wine.

Sore from their cart-tail scourgings, and from the
pillory lame,
Rejoicing in their wretchedness, and glorying in their
shame.

“And what a fate awaits thee?—a sadly toiling slave,
Dragging the slowly lengthening chain of bondage to
the grave!

Think of thy woman's nature, subdued in hopeless thrall,
The easy prey of any, the scoff and scorn of all!”

Oh!—ever as the Tempter spoke, and feeble Nature's
fears

Wrung drop by drop the scalding flow of unavailing
tears,

I wrestled down the evil thoughts, and strove in silent
prayer,

To feel—O Helper of the weak! that Thou indeed
wert there!

I thought of Paul and Silas, within Philippi's cell
And how from Peter's sleeping limbs the prison-
shackles fell,

Till I seemed to hear the trailing of an angel's robe of
white,

And to feel a blessed presence invisible to sight.

Bless the Lord for all His mercies!—for the peace
and love I felt,

Like dew of Hermon's holy hill, upon my spirit melt;
When, “Get behind me, Satan!” was the language of
my heart,

And I felt the Evil Tempter with all his doubts depart.

Slow broke the grey cold morning ; again the sunshine
fell,
Flecked with the shade of bar and grate within my
lonely cell ;
The hoar frost melted on the wall, and upward from
the street
Came careless laugh and idle word, and tread of pass-
ing feet.

At length the heavy bolts fell back, my door was open
cast,
And slowly at the sheriff's side, up the long street I
passed ;
I heard the murmur round me, and felt, but dared not
see,
How, from every door and window, the people gazed
on me.

And doubt and fear fell on me, shame burned upon my
cheek,
Swam earth and sky around me, my trembling limbs
grew weak :
“ Oh, Lord ! support Thy handmaid ; and from her soul
cast out
The fear of man, which brings a snare—the weakness
and the doubt.”

Then the dreary shadows scattered like a cloud in
morning's breeze,
And a low deep voice within me seemed whispering
words like these :
“ Though thy earth be as the iron, and thy heaven a
brazen wall,
Trust still His loving kindness whose power is over all.”

We paused at length, where at my feet the sunlit waters
 broke
 On glaring reach of shining beach, and shingly wall of
 rock ;
 The merchants'-ships lay idly there, in hard clear lines
 on high,
 Tracing with rope and slender spar their net-work on
 the sky.

And there were ancient citizens, cloak-wrapped and
 grave and cold,
 And grim and stout sea-captains with faces bronzed
 and old,
 And on his horse, with Rawson, his cruel clerk at
 hand,
 Sat dark and haughty Endicott, the ruler of the land.

And poisoning with his evil words the ruler's ready
 ear,
 The priest leaned o'er his saddle, with laugh and scoff
 and jeer ;
 It stirred my soul, and from my lips the seal of silence
 broke,
 As if through woman's weakness a warning spirit spoke.

I cried, "The Lord rebuke thee, thou smiter of the
 meek,
 Thou robber of the righteous, thou trampler of the
 weak !
 Go light the dark, cold hearth-stones—go turn the
 prison lock
 Of the poor hearts thou hast hunted, thou wolf amid
 the flock !"

Dark lowered the brows of Endicott, and with a deeper
red
O'er Rawson's wine-empurpled cheek the flush of anger
spread ;
" Good people," quoth the white-lipped priest, " heed
not her words so wild,
Her master speaks within her—the devil owns his
child !"

But grey heads shook, and young brows knit, the while
the sheriff read
That law the wicked rulers against the poor have
made,
Who to their house of Rimmon and idol priesthood
bring
No bended knee of worship, nor gainful offering.

Then to the stout sea-captains the sheriff turning said :
" Which of ye, worthy seamen, will take this Quaker
maid ?
In the Isle of fair Barbadoes, or on Virginia's shore,
You may hold her at a higher price than Indian girl or
Moor."

Grim and silent stood the captains ; and when again he
cried,
" Speak out, my worthy seamen !"—no voice or sign
replied ;
But I felt a hard hand press my own, and kind words
met my ear :
" God bless thee, and preserve thee, my gentle girl and
dear !"

A weight seemed lifted from my heart,—a pitying
 friend was nigh,
 I felt it in his hard, rough hand, and saw it in his eye;
 And when again the sheriff spoke, that voice, so kind
 to me,
 Growled back its stormy answer like the roaring of the
 sea :

“ Pile my ship with bars of silver—pack with coins of
 Spanish gold,
 From keel-piece up to deck-plank, the roomage of her
 hold,
 By the living God who made me !—I would sooner in
 your bay
 Sink ship and crew and cargo, than bear this child
 away !”

“ Well answered, worthy captain, shame on their cruel
 laws !”
 Ran through the crowd in murmurs loud the people’s
 just applause.
 “ Like the herdsman of Tekoa, in Israel of old,
 Shall we see the poor and righteous again for silver
 sold ?”

I looked on haughty Endicott; with weapon hal-
 way drawn,
 Swept round the throng his lion glare of bitter hate
 and scorn;
 Fiercely he drew his bridle rein, and turned in silence
 back,
 And sneering priest and baffled clerk rode murmuring
 in his track.

Hard after them the sheriff looked, in bitterness of
soul :

Thrice smote his staff upon the ground, and crushed
his parchment roll.

“Good friends,” he said, “since both have fled, the
ruler and the priest,

Judge ye, if from their further work I be not well
released.”

Loud was the cheer which, full and clear, swept round
the silent bay.

As, with kind words and kinder looks, he bade me go
my way ;

For He who turns the courses of the streamlet of the
glen.

And the river of great waters, had turned the hearts of
men.

Oh, at that hour the very earth seemed changed be-
neath my eye,

A holier wonder round me rose the blue walls of the
sky,

A lovelier light on rock and hill, and stream and
woodland lay,

And softer lapsed on sunnier sands the waters of the
bay.

Thanksgiving to the Lord of life!—to Him all praises
be,

Who from the hands of evil men hath set His hand-
maid free ;

All praise to Him before whose power the mighty are
 afraid,
 Who takes the crafty in the snare, which for the poor
 is laid !

Sing, oh, my soul, rejoicingly, on evening's twilight-
 calm
 Uplift the loud thanksgiving—pour forth the grateful
 psalm ;
 Let all dear hearts with me rejoice, as did the saints
 of old,
 When of the Lord's good angel the rescued Peter told.

And weep and howl, ye vil priests and mighty men of
 wrong,
 The Lord shall smite the proud and lay His hand upon
 the strong
 Wo to the wicked rulers in His avenging hour !
 Wo to the wolves who seek the flocks to raven and
 devour .

But let the humble ones arise,—the poor in heart be
 glad,
 And let the mourning ones again with robes of praise
 be clad,
 For He who cooled the furnace, and smoothed the
 stormy wave,
 And tamed the Chaldean lions, is mighty still to save !

S T. J O H N.

The fierce rivalship of the two French officers, left by the death of RAZILLA in the possession of Acadia, or Nova Scotia, forms one of the most romantic passages in the history of the New World. CHARLES ST. ESTIENNE, inheriting from his father the title of Lord DE LA TOUR, whose seat was at the mouth of the St. John's river, was a Protestant; DE AULNEY CHARNISY, whose fortress was at the mouth of the Penobscot, or ancient *Pentagoet*, was a Catholic. The incentives of a false religious feeling, sectarian intolerance, and personal interest and ambition conspired to render their feud bloody and unsparing. The Catholic was urged on by the Jesuits, who had found protection from Puritan gallows-ropes under his jurisdiction; the Huguenot still smarted under the recollection of his wrongs and persecutions in France. Both claimed to be champions of that cross from which went upward the holy petition of the Prince of Peace: "*Father, forgive them.*" LA TOUR received aid in several instances from the Puritan colonies of Massachusetts. During one of his voyages for the purpose of obtaining arms and provisions for his establishment at St. John, his castle was attacked by DE AULNEY, and successfully defended by its high-spirited mistress. A second attack, however, followed in the 4th mo. 1647. Lady LA TOUR defended her castle with a desperate perseverance. After a furious cannonade, DE AULNEY stormed the walls, and put the entire garrison to the sword. Lady LA TOUR languished a few days only in the hands of her inveterate enemy, and died of grief, greatly regretted by the colonists of Boston, to whom, as a devoted Protestant, she was well known.

"To the winds give our banner!
 Bear homeward again!"
 Cried the lord of Acadia,
 Sir Charles of Estienne;

From the prow of his shallop
He gazed, as the sun,
From its bed in the ocean,
Streamed up the St. John.

O'er the blue western waters
That shallop had passed,
Where the mists of Penobscot
Clung damp on her mast.
St. Saviour* had look'd
On the heretic sail,
As the songs of the Huguenot
Rose on the gale.

The pale, ghostly fathers
Remembered her well,
And had cursed her while passing,
With taper and bell,
But the men of Monhegan,†
Of Papists abhorr'd,
Had welcomed and feasted
The heretic lord.

They had loaded his shallop
With dun-fish and ball,
With stores for his larder,
And steel for his wall.

* The settlement of the Jesuits on the island of Mount Desert was called St. Saviour.

† The isle of Monhegan was one of the first settled on the coast of Maine.

Pemequid, from her bastions
And turrets of stone,
Had welcomed his coming
With banner and gun.

And the prayers of the elders
Had followed his way,
As homeward he glided,
Down Pentecost Bay.
O! well sped La Tour!
For, in peril and pain,
His lady kept watch
For his coming again.

O'er the Isle of the Pheasant
The morning sun shone,
On the plane trees which shaded
The shores of St. John.
"Now, why from yon battlements
Speaks not my love!
Why waves there no banner
My fortress above?"

Dark and wild, from his deck
St. Estienne gazed about,
On fire-wasted dwellings,
And silent redoubt;
From the low, shattered walls
Which the flame had o'errun,
There floated no banner,
There thunder'd no gun!

But, beneath the low arch
Of its doorway there stood
A pale priest of Rome,
In his cloak and his hood.
With the bound of a lion,
La Tour sprang to land,
On the throat of the Papist
He fastened his hand.

“Speak, son of the Woman,
Of scarlet and sin !
What wolf has been prowling
My castle within ? ”
From the grasp of the soldier
The Jesuit broke,
Half in scorn, half in sorrow,
He smiled as he spoke :

“No wolf, Lord of Estienne,
Has ravaged thy hall,
But thy red-handed rival,
With fire, steel, and ball !
On an errand of mercy
I hitherward came,
While the walls of thy castle
Yet spouted with flame.

“Pentagoet’s dark vessels
Were moored in the bay,
Grim sea-lions, roaring
Aloud for their prey.”
“But what of my lady ? ”
Cried Charles of Estienne ;

“ On the shot-crumbled turret
Thy lady was seen ;

“ Half-veiled in the smoke-cloud,
Her hand grasped thy pennon,
While her dark tresses swayed
In the hot breath of cannon !
But wo to the heretic,
Evermore wo !
When the son of the church
And the cross is his foe !

“ In the track of the shell,
In the path of the ball,
Pentagoet swept over
The breach of the wall !
Steel to steel, gun to gun,
One moment—and then
Alone stood the victor,
Alone with his men !

“ Of its sturdy defenders,
Thy lady alone
Saw the cross and the lillies
Float over St. John.”

“ Let the dastard look to it ! ”
Cried fiery Estienne,

“ Were D’Aulney King Louis,
I’d free her again ! ”

“ Alas, for thy lady !
No service from thee
Is needed by her
Whom the Lord hath set free ;

Nine days, in stern silence,
Her thralldom she bore,
But the tenth morning came,
And Death opened her door ! ”

As if suddenly smitten
La Tour stagger'd back ;
His hand grasped his sword-hilt,
His forehead grew black.
He sprang on the deck
Of his shallop again :
We cruise now for vengeance !
Give way ! ” cried Estienne.

‘ Massachusetts shall hear
Of the Huguenot's wrong,
And from island and creek-side
Her fishers shall throng !
Pentagoet shall rue
What his Papists have done,
When his palisades echo
The Puritan's gun ! ”

O ! the loveliest of heavens
Hung tenderly o'er him,
There were waves in the sunshine,
And green isles before him :
But a pale hand was beckoning
The Huguenot on ;
And in blackness and ashes
Behind was St. John !

THE FUNERAL TREE OF THE SOKOKIS

POLAN, a chief of the Sokokis Indians, the original inhabitants of the country lying between Agamenticus and Casco bay, was killed in a skirmish at Windham, on the Sebago lake, in the spring of 1756. He claimed all the lands on both sides of the Presumpscot river to its mouth at Casco, as his own. He was shrewd, subtle, and brave. After the white men had retired, the surviving Indians "swayed" or bent down a young tree until its roots were turned up, placed the body of their chief beneath them, and then released the tree to spring back to its former position.

Around Sebago's lonely lake
There lingers not a breeze to break
The mirror which its waters make.

'The solemn pines along its shore,
The firs which hang its grey rocks o'er,
Are painted on its glassy floor.

The sun looks o'er, with hazy eye,
The snowy mountain-tops which lie
Piled coldly up against the sky.

Dazzling and white! save where the bleak,
Wild winds have bared some splintering peak,
Or snow-slide left its dusky streak;

Yet green are Saco's banks below,
And belts of spruce and cedar show,
Dark fringing round those cones of snow.

The earth hath felt the breath of spring,
Though yet on her deliverer's wing
The lingering frosts of winter cling.

Fresh grasses fringe the meadow brooks,
And mildly from its sunny nooks
The blue eye of the violet looks.

And odors from the springing grass,
The sweet birch and the sassafras,
Upon the scarce-felt breezes pass.

Her tokens of renewing care
Hath Nature scattered every where,
In bud and flower, and warmer air.

But in their hour of bitterness,
What reck the broken Sokokis,
Beside their slaughtered chief, of this ?

The turf's red stain is yet undried—
Scarce have the death-shot echoes died
Along Sebago's wooded side :

And silent now the hunters stand,
Grouped darkly, where a swell of land
Slopes upward from the lake's white sand.

Fire and the axe have swept it bare,
Save one lone beech unclosing there
Its light leaves in the vernal air.

With grave, cold looks, all sternly mute,
They break the damp turf at its foot,
And bare its coiled and twisted root.

They heave the stubborn trunk aside,
The firm roots from the earth divide—
The rent beneath yawns dark and wide.

And there the fallen chief is laid,
In tasselled garb of skins arrayed,
And girded with his wampum-braid.

The silver cross he loved is pressed
Beneath the heavy arms, which rest
Upon his scarred and naked breast.*

'Tis done: the roots are backward sent,
The beechen tree stands up unbent—
The Indian's fitting monument !

When of that sleeper's broken race
Their green and pleasant dwelling-place
Which knew them once, retains no trace ;

C ! long may sunset's light be shed
As now upon that beech's head—
A green memorial of the dead !

There shall his fitting requiem be,
In northern winds, that, cold and free,
Howl nightly in that funeral tree.

To their wild wail the waves which break
Forever round that lonely lake
A solemn undertone shall make !

* The Sokokis were early converts to the Catholic faith. Most of them, prior to the year 1756, had removed to the French settlements on the St. Francois.

And who shall deem the spot unblest,
Where Nature's younger children rest,
Lulled on their sorrowing mother's breast?

Deem ye that mother loveth less
These bronzed forms of the wilderness
She foldeth in her long caress?

As sweet o'er them her wild flowers blow,
As if with fairer hair and brow
The blue-eyed Saxon slept below.

What though the places of their rest
No priestly knee hath ever pressed—
No funeral rite nor prayer hath blessed?

What though the bigot's ban be there,
And thoughts of wailing and despair,
And cursing in the place of prayer!*

Yet Heaven hath angels watching round
The Indian's lowliest forest-mound—
And *they* have made it holy ground.

There ceases man's frail judgment; all
His powerless bolts of cursing fall
Unheeded on that grassy pall.

* The brutal and unchristian spirit of the early settlers of New England toward the red man is strikingly illustrated in the conduct of the man who shot down the Sokokis chief. He used to say he always noticed the anniversary of that exploit, as "the day on which he sent the devil a present."—WILLIAMSON'S *History of Maine*.

O, peeled, and hunted, and reviled !
Sleep on, dark tenant of the wild !
Great Nature owns her simple child !

And Nature's God, to whom alone
The secret of the heart is known—
The hidden language traced thereon ;

Who, from its many cumberings
Of form and creed, and outward things,
To light the naked spirit brings ;

Not with our partial eye shall scan—
Not with our pride and scorn shall ban
The spirit of our brother man !

PENTUCKET.

The village of Haverhill, on the Merrimack, called by the Indians, Pentucket, was for nearly seventeen years a frontier town, and during thirty years endured all the horrors of savage warfare. In the year 1708, a combined body of French and Indians, under the command of De Challions, and Hertel de Rouville, the infamous and bloody sacker of Deerfield, made an attack upon the village, which at that time contained only thirty houses. Sixteen of the villagers were massacred, and a still larger number made prisoners. About thirty of the enemy also fell, and among them Hertel de Rouville. The minister of the place, Benjamin Rolfe, was killed by a shot through his own door.

How sweetly on the wood-girt town
 The mellow light of sunset shone !
 Each small, bright lake, whose waters still
 Mirror the forest and the hill,
 Reflected from its waveless breast
 The beauty of a cloudless West,
 Glorious as if a glimpse were given
 Within the western gates of Heaven,
 Left, by the spirit of the star
 Of sunset's holy hour, ajar !

Beside the river's tranquil flood
 The dark and low-wall'd dwellings stood,
 Where many a rood of open land
 Stretch'd up and down on either hand,
 With corn-leaves waving freshly green
 The thick and blacken'd stumps between

Behind, unbroken, deep and dread,
The wild, untravel'd forest spread,
Back to those mountains, white and cold,
Of which the Indian trapper told,
Upon whose summits never yet
Was mortal foot in safety set.

Quiet and calm, without a fear
Of danger darkly lurking near,
The weary laborer left his plough—
The milk-maid carol'd by her cow—
From cottage door and household hearth
Rose songs of praise, or tones of mirth.
At length the murmur died away,
And silence on that village lay—
So slept Pompeii, tower and hall,
Ere the quick earthquake swallow'd all,
Undreaming of the fiery fate
Which made its dwellings desolate!

Hours pass'd away. By moonlight sped
The Merrimack along his bed.
Bathed in the pallid lustre, stood
Dark cottage-wall and rock and wood,
Silent, beneath that tranquil beam,
As the hush'd grouping of a dream.
Yet on the still air crept a sound—
No bark of fox—no rabbit's bound—
No stir of wings—nor waters flowing—
Nor leaves in midnight breezes blowing.

that the tread of many feet,
downward from the hill-side beat?

What forms were those which darkly stood
Just on the margin of the wood?—
Char'd tree-stumps in the moonlight dim,
Or paling rude, or leafless limb?
No—through the trees fierce eye-balls glow'd,
Dark human forms in moonshine show'd,
Wild from their native wilderness,
With painted limbs and battle-dress!

A yell, the dead might wake to hear,
Swell'd on the night air, far and clear—
Then smote the Indian tomahawk
On crashing door and shattering lock—
Then rang the rifle-shot—and then
The shrill death-scream of stricken men—
Sunk the red axe in woman's brain,
And childhood's cry arose in vain—
Bursting through roof and window came,
Red, fast and fierce, the kindled flame;
And blended fire and moonlight glared
Over dead corse and weapons bared.

The morning sun look'd brightly through
The river willows, wet with dew.
No sound of combat fill'd the air,—
No shout was heard,—nor gun-shot there:
Yet still the thick and sullen smoke
From smouldering ruins slowly broke;
And on the green sward many a stain,
And, here and there, the mangled slain,
Told how that midnight bolt had sped,
Pentucket, on thy fated head!

Even now, the villager can tell
Where Rolfe beside his hearth-stone fell,
Still show the door of wasting oak
Through which the fatal death-shot broke,
And point the curious stranger where
De Rouville's corse lay grim and bare—
Whose hideous head, in death still fear'd,
Bore not a trace of hair or beard—
And still, within the churchyard ground,
Heaves darkly up the ancient mound,
Whose grass-grown surface over lies
The victims of that sacrifice.

THE FAMILIST'S HYMN.

The "Pilgrims" of New England, even in their wilderness home, were not exempted from the sectarian contentions which agitated the mother country after the downfall of Charles the First, and of the established Episcopacy. The Quakers, Baptists, and Catholics were banished, on pain of death, from the Massachusetts Colony. One Samuel Gorton, a bold and eloquent declaimer, after preaching for a time in Boston, against the doctrines of the Puritans, and declaring that their churches were mere human devices, and their sacrament and baptism an abomination, was driven out of the State's jurisdiction, and compelled to seek a residence among the savages. He gathered round him a considerable number of converts, who, like the primitive Christians, shared all things in common. His opinions, however, were so troublesome to the leading clergy of the Colony, that they instigated an attack upon his "Family" by an armed force, which seized upon the principal men in it, and brought them into Massachusetts, where they were sentenced to be kept at hard labour in several towns, (one only in each town) during the pleasure of the General Court, they being forbidden under severe penalties to utter any of their religious sentiments, except to such ministers as might labour for their conversion. They were unquestionably sincere in their opinions, and, whatever may have been their errors, deserve to be ranked among those who have in all ages suffered for the freedom of conscience.

Father! to thy suffering poor
 Strength and grace and faith impart,
 And with Thy own love restore
 Comfort to the broken heart!

Oh, the failing ones confirm
With a holier strength of zeal !—
Give Thou not the feeble worm
Helpless to the Spoiler's heel !

Father ! for Thy holy sake
We are spoil'd and hunted thus ;
Joyful, for Thy truth we take
Bonds and burthens unto us :
Poor, and weak, and robb'd of all,
Weary with our daily task,
That Thy truth may never fall
Through our weakness, Lord, we ask.

Round our fired and wasted homes
Flits the forest-bird unscared,
And, at noon, the wild beast comes
Where our frugal meal was shared ;
For the song of praises there
Shrieks the crow the livelong day,
For the sound of evening prayer
Howls the evil beast of prey !

Sweet the songs we loved to sing
Underneath Thy holy sky—
Words and tones that used to bring
Tears of joy in every eye,—
Dear the wrestling hours of prayer,
When we gather'd knee to knee,
Blameless youth and hoary hair,
Bow'd, O God, alone to Thee.

As Thine early children, Lord,
Shared their wealth and daily bread,

Even so, with one accord,
We, in love, each other fed.
Not with us the miser's hoard,
Not with us his grasping hand;
Equal, round a common board,
Drew our meek and brother band!

Safe our quiet Eden lay
When the war-whoop stir'd the land,
And the Indian turn'd away
From our home his bloody hand.
Well that forest-ranger saw,
That the burthen and the curse
Of the white man's cruel law
Rested also upon us.

Torn apart, and driven forth
To our toiling hard and long,
Father! from the dust of earth
Lift we still our grateful song!
Grateful—that in bonds we share
In Thy love which maketh free;
Joyful—that the wrongs we bear,
Draw us nearer, Lord, to Thee!

Grateful!—that, where'er we toil—
By Wachuset's wooded side,
On Nantucket's sea-worn isle,
Or by wild Neponset's tide—
Still, in spirit, we are near,
And our evening hymns, which rise
Separate and discordant here,
Meet and mingle in the skies!

Let the scoffer scorn and mock,
Let the proud and evil priest
Rob the needy of his flock,
For his wine-cup and his feast,—
Redden not Thy bolts in store
Through the blackness of Thy skie
For the sighing of the poor
Wilt Thou not, at length, arise?

Worn and wasted, oh, how long
Shall Thy trodden poor complain?
In Thy name they bear the wrong,
In Thy cause the bonds of pain!
Melt Oppression's heart of steel,
Let the haughty priesthood see,
And their blinded followers feel,
'That in us they mock at Thee!

In Thy time, O Lord of hosts,
Stretch abroad that hand to save
Which of old, on Egypt's coasts,
Smote apart the Red Sea's wave!
Lead us from this evil land,
From the Spoiler set us free,
And once more our gather'd band,
Heart to heart, shall worship Thee.

THE FOUNTAIN.

On the declivity of a hill, in Salisbury, Essex county, is a beautiful fountain of clear water, gushing out from the very roots of a majestic and venerable oak. It is about two miles from the junction of the Powwow river with the Merrimack.

Traveller ! on thy journey toiling
 By the swift Powwow,
 With the summer sunshine falling
 On thy heated brow,
 Listen, while all else is still,
 To the brooklet from the hill.

Wild and sweet the flowers are blowing
 By that streamlet's side,
 And a greener verdure showing
 Where its waters glide—
 Down the hill-slope murmuring on,
 Over root and mossy stone.

Where yon oak his broad arms flingeth
 O'er the sloping hill,
 Beautiful and freshly springeth
 That soft-flowing rill,
 Through its dark roots wreath'd and bare,
 Gushing up to sun and air.

Brighter waters sparkled never
In that magic well,
Of whose gift of life for ever
Ancient legends tell,—
In the lonely desert wasted,
And by mortal lip untasted.

Waters which the proud Castilian*
Sought with longing eyes,
Underneath the bright pavilion
Of the Indian skies ;
Where upon his forest way
Bloom'd the flowers of Florida.

Years ago a lonely stranger,
With the dusky brow
Of the outcast forest-ranger,
Crossed the swift Powwow ;
And betook him to the rill,
And the oak upon the hill.

O'er his face of moody sadness
For an instant shone
Something like a gleam of gladness,
As he stoop'd him down
To the fountain's grassy side
And his eager thirst supplied.

* De Soto, in the sixteenth century, penetrated into the wilds of the new world in search of gold and the fountain of perpetual youth.

With the oak its shadow throwing
O'er his mossy seat,
And the cool, sweet waters flowing
Softly at his feet,
Closely by the fountain's rim
That lone Indian seated him.

Autumn's earliest frost had given
To the woods below
Hues of beauty, such as Heaven
Lendeth to its bow;
And the soft breeze from the West
Scarcely broke their dreamy rest.

Far behind was Ocean striving
With his chains of sand;
Southward sunny glimpses giving,
'Twixt the swells of land,
Of its calm and silvery track,
Roll'd the tranquil Merrimack.

Over village, wood and meadow
Gazed that stranger man
Sadly, till the twilight shadow
Over all things ran,
Save where spire and Westward ~~peer~~
Flash'd the sunset back again.

Gazing thus upon the dwelling
Of his warrior sires,
Where no lingering trace was telling
Of their wigwam fires,
Who the gloomy thoughts might know
Of that wandering child of woe?

Naked lay, in sunshine glowing,
Hills that once had stood
Down their sides the shadows throwing
Of a mighty wood,
Where the deer his covert kept,
And the eagle's pinion swept!

Where the birch canoe had glided
Down the swift Powwow,
Dark and gloomy bridges strided
Those clear waters now;
And where once the beaver swam,
Jarr'd the wheel and frown'd the dam.

For the wood-bird's merry singing,
And the hunter's cheer,
Iron clang and hammer's ringing
Smote upon his ear;
And the thick and sullen smoke
From the blacken'd forges broke.

Could it be, his fathers ever,
Loved to linger here?
These bare hills—this conquer'd river—
Could they hold them dear,
With their native loveliness
Tamed and tortured into this?

Sadly, as the shades of even
Gather'd o'er the hill,
While the western half of Heaven
Blush'd with sunset still
From the fountain's mossy seat
Turn'd the Indian's weary feet.

Year on year hath flown for ever,
But he came no more
To the hill-side or the river
Where he came before.
But the villager can tell
Of that strange man's visit well.

And the merry children, laden,
With their fruits or flowers—
Roving boy and laughing maiden,
In their school-day hours
Love the simple tale to tell
Of the Indian and his well.

THE EXILES.

A TALE OF NEW ENGLAND.

The incidents upon which the following ballad has its foundation, occurred about the year 1660. Thomas Macey was one of the first, if not *the* first white settler of Nantucket. A quaint description of his singular and perilous voyage, in his own handwriting, is still preserved.

The goodman sat beside his door
 One sultry afternoon,
 With his young wife singing at his side
 A quaint and goodly tune.

A glimmer of heat was in the air,—
 The dark green woods were still;
 And the skirts of a heavy thunder-cloud
 Hung over the western hill.

Black, thick, and vast, arose that cloud
 Above the wilderness,
 As some dark world from upper air
 Were stooping over this.

At times, the solemn thunder pealed,
 And all was still again,
 Save a low murmur in the air
 Of coming wind and rain.

Just as the first big rain-drop fell,
A weary stranger came,
And stood before the farmer's door,
With travel soiled and lame.

Sad seemed he, yet sustaining hope
Was in his quiet glance,
And peace, like autumn's moonlight, clothed
His tranquil countenance.

A look, like that his Master wore
In Pilate's council-hall :
It told of wrongs—but of a love
Meekly forgiving all.

“ Friend ! wilt thou give me shelter here ? ”
The stranger meekly said ;
And, leaning on his oaken staff,
The goodman's features read.

“ My life is hunted—evil men
Are following in my track ;
The traces of the torturer's whip
Are on my aged back.

“ And much, I fear, 'twill peril thee
Within thy doors to take
A hunted seeker of the Truth,
Oppressed for conscience sake.”

Oh, kindly spoke the goodman's wife—
“ Come in, old man ! ” quoth she,—
“ We will not leave thee to the storm
Whoever thou may'st be.”

Then came the aged wanderer in,
 'And silent sat him down ;
While all within grew dark as night
 Beneath the storm-cloud's frown.

But while the sudden lightning's blaze
 Filled every cottage nook,
And with the jarring thunder-roll
 The loosened casements shook,

A heavy tramp of horses' feet
 Came sounding up the lane,
And half a score of horse, or more,
 Came plunging through the rain.

"Now, Goodman Macey, ope thy door,—
 We would not be house-breakers ;
A rueful deed thou'st done this day,
 In harbouring banished Quakers."

Out looked the cautious goodman then,
 With much of fear and awe,
For there, with broad wig drenched with rain,
 The Parish Priest he saw.

"Open thy door, thou wicked man,
 And let thy pastor in,
And give God thanks, if forty stripes
 Repay thy deadly sin."

"What seek ye?" quoth the goodman,—
 "The stranger is my guest ;
He is worn with toil and grievous wrong,—
 Pray let the old man rest."

"Now, out upon thee, canting knave !"
And strong hands shook the door,
"Believe me, Macey," quoth the Priest,—
"Thou'lt rue thy conduct sore."

Then kindled Macey's eye of fire :
"No priest who walks the earth,
Shall pluck away the stranger-guest
Made welcome to my hearth."

Down from his cottage wall he caught
The matchlock, hotly tried
At Preston-pans and Marston-moor,
By fiery Ireton's side ;

Where Puritan, and Cavalier,
With shout and psalm contended ;
And Rupert's oath, and Cromwell's prayer,
With battle-thunder blended.

Up rose the ancient stranger then :
"My spirit is not free
To bring the wrath and violence
Of evil men on thee :

"And for thyself, I pray forbear,—
Bethink thee of thy Lord,
Who healed again the smitten ear,
And sheathed his follower's sword.

"I go, as to the slaughter led :
Friends of the poor, farewell !"
Beneath his hand the oaken door,
Back on its hinges fell.

“Come forth, old grey-beard, yea and nay;”
The reckless scoffers cried,
As to a horseman’s saddle-bow
The old man’s arms were tied.]

And of his bondage hard and long
In Boston’s crowded jail,
Where suffering woman’s prayer was heard,
With sickening childhood’s wail.

It suits not with our tale to tell :
Those scenes have passed away—
Let the dim shadows of the past,
Brood o’er that evil day.

“Ho, Sheriff!” quoth the ardent Priest—
“Take goodman Macey too;
The sin of this day’s heresy,
His back or purse shall rue.”

And Priest and Sheriff, both together
Upon his threshold stood,
When, Macey through another door,
Sprang out into the wood.

“Now goodwife, as thou lovest me, haste!”
She caught his manly arm :—
Behind, the parson urged pursuit,
With outcry and alarm.

Ho! speed the Maceys, neck or nought,—
The river course was near :—
The plashing on its pebbled shore
Was music to their ear.

A grey rock, tasseled o'er with birch
Above the waters hung,
And at its base, with every wave,
A small light wherry swung.

A leap—they gain the boat,—and there
The goodman wields his oar:
“Ill luck betide them all”—he cried,—
“The laggards upon the shore.”

Down through the crashing under-wood,
The burly Sheriff came:—
“Stand, goodman Macey—yield thyself;
Yield in the King's own name.”

“Now out upon thy hangman's face !”
Bold Macey answered then,—
“Whip *women*, on the village green,
But meddle not with *men*.”

The Priest came panting to the shore,—
His grave cocked hat was gone:
Behind him, like some owl's nest, hung
His wig upon a thorn.

“Come back—come back !” the Parson cried,
“The Church's curse beware.”
“Curse an' thou wilt” said Macey, “but
Thy blessing prithee spare.”

“Vile scoffer !” cried the baffled priest,—
“Thou'lt yet the gallows see.”
“Who's born to be hanged, will not be drowned,”
Quoth Macey merrily ;

“And so, sir Sheriff and Priest, good bye!”

He bent him to his oar,
And the small boat glided quietly
From the twain upon the shore.

Now in the West, the heavy clouds
Scattered and fell asunder,
While feebler came the rush of rain,
And fainter growled the thunder.

And through the broken clouds, the sun
Looked out serene and warm,
Painting its holy symbol-light
Upon the passing storm.

Oh, beautiful! that rainbow span,
O'er dim Crane-neck was bended ;—
One bright foot touched the Eastern hills,
And one with Ocean blended.

By green Pentucket's southern slope
The small boat glided fast,—
The watchers of “the Block-house” saw
The strangers as they passed.

That night a stalwart garrison
Sat shaking in their shoes,
To hear the dip of Indian oars,—
The glide of birch canoes.

They passed the bluffs of Amesbury,
And saw the sunshine glow
Upon the Powwow's winding stream,
And on the hills of Po.

The fisher-wives of Salisbury,
 (The men were all away,)
Looked out to see the stranger oar
 Upon their waters play.

Deer-Island's rocks and fir-trees threw
 Their sunset-shadows o'er them,
And Newbury's spire and weathercock
 Peered o'er the pines before them.

Around the Black Rocks, on their left,
 The marsh lay broad and green ;
And on their right with dwarf shrubs crowned,
 Plum Island's hills were seen.

With skilful hand and wary eye
 The harbor-bar was crossed ;—
A plaything of the restless wave,
 The boat on ocean tossed.

The glory of the sunset heaven
 On land and water lay,—
On the steep hills of Agarvon,
 On cape, and bluff, and bay.

They passed the grey rocks of Cape Ann,
 And Gloucester harbor-bar ;
The watch-fire of the garrison
 Shone like a setting star.

How brightly broke the morning
 On Massachusetts' Bay !
Blue wave, and bright green island,
 Rejoicing in the day.

On passed the bark in safety
Round isle and headland steep—
No tempest broke above them,
No fog-cloud veiled the deep.

Far round the bleak and stormy Cape
The vent'rous Macey passed,
And on Nantucket's naked isle,
Drew up his boat at last.

And how, in log-built cabin,
They braved the rough sea-weather
And there, in peace and quietness,
Went down life's vale together :

How others drew around them,
And how their fishing sped,
Uutil to every wind of heaven
Nantucket's sails were spread ;

How pale Want alternated
With Plenty's golden smile ;
Behold, is it not written
In the annals of the isle ?

And yet that isle remaineth
A refuge of the free,
As when true-hearted Macey
Beheld it from the sea.

Free as the winds that winnow
Her shrubless hills of sand—
Free as the waves that batter
Along her yielding land.

Than hers, at Duty's summons,
No loftier spirit stirs,—
Nor falls o'er human suffering
A readier tear than hers.

God bless the sea-beat island!—
And grant for evermore,
That Charity and freedom dwell,
As now, upon her shore!

SUICIDE POND.

'Tis a dark and dismal little pool, and fed by tiny rills,
And bosom'd in waveless quietude between two barren
hills;

There is no tree on its rugged marge, save a willow
old and lone,
Like a solitary mourner for its sylvan sisters gone.

The plough of the farmer turneth not the sward of its
gloomy shore,
Which bears even now the same grey moss which in
other times it bore;
And seldom or never the tread of man is heard in that
lonely spot,
For with all the dwellers around that pool its story is
unforgot.

And why does the traveller turn aside from that dark
and silent pool,
Though the sun be burning above his head, and the
willow's shade be cool?
Or glance with fear to its shadowy brink, when night
rests darkly there,
And down, through its sullen and evil depths, the stars
of the midnight glare?

Merrily whistles the cow-boy on—but he hushes his
music when

He hurries his cows, with a sidelong glance, from that
cold forsaken glen!

Laughing and mirthful the young girl comes, with her
gamesome mates, from school,

But her laugh is lost and her lip is white as she passes
the haunted pool!

'Tis said that a young, a beautiful girl, with a brow
and with an eye,—

One like a cloud in the moonlight robed, and one like
a star on high!—

One who was loved by the villagers all, and whose
smile was a gift to them,

Was found one morn in that pool as cold as the water-
lily's stem!

Ay, cold as the rank and wasting weeds, which lie in
the pool's dark bed,

The villagers found that beautiful one, in the slumber
of the dead.

She had strangely whisper'd her dark design in a
young companion's ear,

But so wild and vague that the listener smiled, and
knew not what to fear.

And she went to die in that loathsome pool when the
summer day was done,

With her dark hair curl'd on her pure white brow, and
her fairest garments on;

With the ring on her taper finger still, and her neck-
lace of ocean pearl,

'Twined as in mockery round the neck of that suicidal
girl.

And why she perish'd so strangely there no mortal
tongue can tell—

She told her story to none, and Death retains her
secret well!

And the willow, whose mossy and aged boughs o'er
the silent water lean,

Like a sad and sorrowful mourner of the beautiful dead
is seen!

But oft, our village maidens say, when the summer
evenings fall,

When the frog is calling from his pool to the cricket
in the wall;

When the night-hawk's wing dips lightly down to that
dull and sleeping lake,

And slow through its green and stagnant mass the
shoreward circles break—

At a time like this, a misty form—as fog beneath the
moon—

Like a meteor glides to the startled view, and vanishes
as soon;

Yet weareth it ever a human shape, and ever a human
cry

Comes faintly and low on the still night-air, as when
the despairing die!

ISABELLA OF AUSTRIA.

Isabella, Infanta of Parma, and consort of Joseph of Austria, predicted her own death, immediately after her marriage with the Emperor. Amidst the gaiety and splendour of Vienna and Presburg, she was reserved and melancholy; she believed that Heaven had given her a view of the future, and that her child, the namesake of the great Maria Theresa, would perish with her. Her prediction was fulfilled.

Midst the palace-bowers of Hungary,—imperial Pres-
burg's pride,—
With the noble-born and beautiful assembled at her
side,
She stood, beneath the summer heaven,—the soft winds
sighing on,
Stirring the green and arching boughs, like dancers in
the sun.
The beautiful pomegranate's gold, the snowy orange-
bloom,
The lotus and the creeping vine, the rose's meek per-
fume,
The willow crossing with its green some statue's mar-
ble hair,—
All that might charm th' exquisite sense, or light the
soul, was there.

But she—a monarch's treasured one—lean'd gloomily
apart,
With her dark eye tearfully cast down and a shadow
on her heart.

Young, beautiful, and dearly loved, what sorrow hath
 she known ?
Are not the hearts and swords of all held sacred as her
 own ?
Is not her lord the kingliest in battle-field or bower ?—
The foremost in the council-hall, or at the banquet-
 hour ?
Is not his love as pure and deep as his own Danube's
 tide ?
And wherefore in her princely home weeps Isabel, his
 bride ?

She rais'd her jewel'd hand and flung her veiling
 tresses back,
Bathing its snowy tapering within their glossy black.—
A tear fell on the orange leaves ;—rich gem and mimic
 blossom,
And fringed robe shook fearfully upon her sighing
 bosom :
“ Smile on, smile on,” she murmur'd low, “ for all is
 joy around,
Shadow and sunshine, stainless sky, soft airs and
 blossom'd ground ;
'Tis meet the light of heart should smile when nature's
 brow is fair,
And melody and fragrance meet, twin sisters of the
 air !

“ But ask not me to share with you the beauty of the
 scene—
The fountain-fall, mosaic walk, and tessellated green ;

And point not to the mild blue sky, or glorious summer sun :

I know how very fair is all the hand of God hath done—
The hills, the sky, the sun-lit cloud, the fountain leaping forth,

The swaying trees, the scented flowers, the dark green robes of earth—

I love them still; yet I have learn'd to turn aside from all,

And never more my heart must own their sweet but fatal thrall!

“ And I could love the noble one whose mighty name I bear,

And closer to my bursting heart his hallow'd image wear;

And I could watch our sweet young flower, unfolding day by day,

And taste of that unearthly bliss which mothers only may;

But no, I may not cling to earth—that voice is in my ear,

That shadow lingers by my side—the death-wail and the bier,

The cold and starless night of death where day may never beam,

The silence and the loathsomeness, the sleep which hath no dream!

“ O God! to leave this fair bright world, and, more than all, to know

The moment when the Spectral One shall deal his fearful blow;

To know the day, the very hour; to feel the tide roll
on;
To shudder at the gloom before, and weep the sunshine
gone;
To count the days, the few short days, of light and life
and breath,—
Between me and the ncisome grave—the voiceless
home of death,—
Alas!—if, knowing, feeling this, I murmur at my doom,
Let not thy frowning, O my God! lend darkness to the
tomb.

“Oh, I have borne my spirit up, and smiled amid the
chill
Remembrance of my certain doom, which lingers with
me still;
I would not cloud our fair child's brow, nor let a tear-
drop dim
The eye that met my wedded lord's, lest it should
sadden him.
But there are moments when the gush of feeling hath
its way;
That hidden tide of unnamed woe nor fear nor love
may stay.
Smile on, smile on, light-hearted ones, your sun of joy
is high;
Smile on, and leave the doom'd of Heaven alone to
weep and die.”

A funeral chant was wailing through Vienna's holy
pile ;
A coffin with its gorgeous pall was borne along the
aisle ;
The banners of a kingly race waved high above the
dead ;
A mighty band of mourners came—a king was at its
head,
A youthful king, with mournful tread and dim and
tearful eye—
He had not dream'd that one so pure as his fair bride
could die ;
And sad and wild above the throng the funeral anthem
rung :
“Mourn for the hope of Austria, mourn for the loved
and young !”

The wail went up from other lands—the vallies of the
Hun,
Fair Parma with its orange bowers and hills of vine
and sun ;
The lilies of imperial France droop'd as the sound
went by,
The long lament of cloister'd Spain was mingled with
the cry ;
The dwellers in Colorno's halls, the Slowak at his cave,
The bow'd at the Escorial, the Magyar sternly brave—
All wept the early-stricken flower, and burst from every
tongue :
“Mourn for the dark-eyed Isabel—mourn for the loved
and young !”

STANZAS.

"Art thou beautiful?—Live then in accordance with the curious make and frame of thy creation; and let the beauty of thy person teach thee to beautify thy mind with holiness, the ornament of the beloved of God."—*William Penn.*

Bind up thy tresses, thou beautiful one,
Of brown in the shadow and gold in the sun!
Free should their delicate lustre be thrown
O'er a forehead more pure than the Parian stone—
Shaming the light of those Orient pearls
Which bind o'er its whiteness thy soft wreathing curls.

Smile—for thy glance on the mirror is thrown,
And the face of an angel is meeting thine own!
Beautiful creature—I marvel not
That thy cheek a lovelier tint hath caught;
And the kindling light of thine eye hath told
Of a dearer wealth than the miser's gold.

Away, away—there is danger here—
A terrible phantom is bending near;
Ghastly and sunken, his rayless eye
Scowls on thy loveliness scornfully—
With no human look—with no human breath,
He stands beside thee,—the haunter, DEATH!

Fly! but, alas! he will follow still,
Like a moonlight shadow, beyond thy will;
In thy noon-day walk—in thy midnight sleep,
Close at thy hand will that phantom keep—
Still in thine ear shall his whispers be—
Wo, that such phantom should follow thee!

In the lighted hall where the dancers go,
Like beautiful spirits, to and fro;
When thy fair arms glance in their stainless white,
Like ivory bathed in still moonlight;
And not one star in the holy sky
Hath a clearer light than thine own blue eye!

Oh, then—even then—he will follow thee,
As the ripple follows the bark at sea;
In the soften'd light—in the turning dance—
He will fix on thine his dead, cold glance—
The chill of his breath on thy cheek shall linger,
And thy warm blood shrink from his icy finger!

And yet there is hope. Embrace it now,
While thy soul is open as thy brow;
While thy heart is fresh—while its feelings still
Gush clear as the unsoil'd mountain-rill—
And thy smiles are free as the airs of spring,
Greeting and blessing each breathing thing.

When the after cares of thy life shall come,
When the bud shall wither before its bloom;
When thy soul is sick of the emptiness
And changeful fashion of human bliss;
And the weary torpor of blighted feeling
Over thy heart as ice is stealing—

Then, when thy spirit is turn'd above,
By the mild rebuke of the Chastener's love;
When the hope of that joy in thy heart is stir'd,
Which eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,—
THEN will that phantom of darkness be
Gladness, and Promise, and Bliss to thee.

ANTI-SLAVERY POEMS.



ANTI-SLAVERY POEMS.

THE CHRISTIAN SLAVE.

In a late publication of L. F. Tasistro, "Random Shots and Southern Breezes," is a description of a slave auction at New Orleans, at which the auctioneer recommended the woman on the stand as "*a good Christian.*"

A Christian! going, gone!
 Who bids for God's own image?—for His grace
 Which that poor victim of the market-place
 Hath in her suffering won?

My God! can such things be?
 Hast Thou not said that whatsoe'er is done
 Unto Thy weaker and Thy humblest one,
 Is even done to Thee?

In that sad victim, then,
 Child of Thy pitying love, I see Thee stand—
 Once more the jest word of a mocking hand,
 Bound, sold, and scourged again!

A Christian up for sale!
 Wet with her blood your whips—o'er task her frame,
 Make her life loathsome with your wrong and shame,
Her patience shall not fail!

A *heathen* hand might deal
Back on your heads the gathered wrong of years,
But *her* low, broken prayer and nightly tears,
Ye neither heed nor feel.

Con well thy lesson o'er
Thou *prudent* teacher—tell the toiling slave,
No dangerous tale of Him who came to seek and save
The outcast and the poor.

But wisely shut the ray
Of God's *free* Gospel from her simple heart,
And to her darkened mind alone impart
One stern command—"OBEY."*

So shalt thou deftly raise
The market price of human flesh; and while
On thee, their pampered guest, the planters smile,
Thy church shall praise.

Grave reverend men shall tell
From Northern pulpits how thy work was blest,
While in that vile South Sodom, first and best,
Thy poor disciples sell!

* There is in Liberty county, Georgia, an Association for the Religious instruction of Negroes. Their seventh annual report contains an address by the Rev. Josiah Spry Law, from which we extract the following :—"There is a growing interest in this community, in the religious instruction of negroes. There is a conviction that religious instruction promotes the *quiet* and *order* of the people, and the pecuniary *interest* of the owners."

Oh, shame! the Moslem thrall,
Who, with his master, to the Prophet kneels,
While turning to the sacred Kebla, feels
His fetters break and fall.

Cheers for the turbaned Bey
Of robber-peopled Tunis! he hath torn
The dark slave dungeons open, and hath borne
Their inmates into day.

But *our* poor slave in vain
Turns to the Christian shrine his aching eyes—
Its rites will only swell his market-price,
And rivet on his chain.*

God of all right! how long
Shall priestly robbers at 'Thine altar stand,
Lifting in prayer to Thee, the bloody hand
And haughty brow of wrong?

Oh, from the fields of cane,
From the low rice-swamp, from the trader's cell—
From the black slave-ship's foul and loathsome hell,
And coffle's weary chain,—

Hoarse, horrible, and strong
Rises to Heaven that agonizing cry,
Filling the arches of the hollow sky,
How LONG—OH, GOD, HOW LONG?

* We often see advertisements in the Southern papers, in which individual slaves, or several of a lot, are recommended as "*pious*," or as "*members of churches*." Lately we saw a slave advertised, who, among other qualifications, was described as "*a Baptist preacher*."

TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES B. STORRS

LATE PRESIDENT OF WESTERN RESERVE COLLEGE.

“ He fell a martyr to the interests of his *colored brethren*. For many months did that mighty man of God apply his discriminating and gigantic mind to the subject of Slavery and its remedy: and, when his soul could no longer contain his holy indignation against the upholders and apologists of this unrighteous system, he gave vent to his aching heart, and poured forth his clear thoughts and holy feelings in such deep and soul-entrancing eloquence, that other men, whom he would fain in his humble modesty acknowledge his superiors, sat at his feet and looked up as children to a parent.”—*Correspondent of the “Literator,”* 16th of 11th mo. 1833.

Thou hast fallen in thine armour,
 Thou martyr of the Lord!
 With thy last breath crying—“ Onward!”
 And thy hand upon the sword.
 The haughty heart derideth,
 And the sinful lip reviles,
 But the blessing of the perishing
 Around thy pillow smiles!

When to our cup of trembling
 The added drop is given.
 And the long suspended thunder
 Falls terribly from Heaven,—
 When a new and fearful freedom
 Is proffer’d of the Lord
 To the slow consuming Famine—
 The Pestilence and Sword!—

When the refuges of Falsehood
Shall be swept away in wrath,
And the temple shall be shaken,
With *its* idol, to the earth,—
Shall not thy words of warning
Be all remember'd then?
And thy now unheeded message
Burn in the hearts of men?

Oppression's hand may scatter
Its nettles on thy tomb,
And even Christian bosoms
Deny thy memory room
For lying lips shall torture
Thy mercy into crime,
And the slanderer shall flourish
As the bay-tree for a time.

But, where the South-wind lingers
On Carolina's pines,
Or, falls the careless sunbeam
Down Georgia's golden mines,—
Where now beneath his burthen
The toiling slave is driven,—
Where now a tyrant's mockery
Is offer'd unto Heaven,—

Where Mammon hath its altars
Wet o'er with human blood,
And Pride and Lust debases
The workmanship of God—
There shall thy praise be spoken,
Redeem'd from Falsehood's ban,
When the fetters shall be broken,
And the *slave* shall be a *man*?

Joy to thy spirit, brother !

A thousand hearts are warm—

A thousand kindred bosoms

Are baring to the storm.

What though red-handed Violence

With secret Fraud combine,

The wall of fire is round us—

Our Present Help was thine !

Lo—the waking up of nations

From Slavery's fatal sleep

The murmur of a Universe—

Deep calling unto Deep !

Joy to thy spirit, brother !

On every wind of Heaven

The onward cheer and summons

Of FREEDOM'S SOUL is given !

Glory to God for ever !

Beyond the despot's will

The soul of Freedom liveth

Imperishable still.

The words which thou hast utter'd

Are of that soul a part,

And the good seed thou hast scatter'd

Is springing from the heart.

In the evil days before us,

And the trials yet to come—

In the shadow of the prison,

Or the cruel martyrdom—

We will think of thee, O, brother

And thy sainted name shall be

In the blessing of the captive,

And the anthem of the free.

TEXAS

VOICE OF NEW ENGLAND

Up the hill-side, down the glen,
Rouse the sleeping citizen;
Summon out the might of men!

Like a lion growling low,
Like a night-storm rising slow,
Like the thread of unseen foe,—

It is coming—it is nigh!
Stand your homes and altars by;
On your own free thresholds die.

Clang the bells in all your spires;
On the grey hills of your sires
Fling to Heaven your signal fires.

From Wachuset, lone and bleak,
Unto Berkshire's tallest peak,
Let the flame-tongued heralds speak.

O! for God and duty stand,
Heart to heart, and hand with hand,
Round the old graves of the land.

Whoso shrinks or falters now,
Whoso to the yoke would bow,
Brand the craven on his brow.

Freedom's soil hath only place
For a free and fearless race—
None for traitors false and base.

Perish party—perish clan;
Strike together while ye can,
Like the arm of one strong man.

Like that angel's voice sublime,
Heard above a world of crime,
Crying of the end of time,

With one heart and with one mouth,
Let the North unto the South
Speak the word befitting both:

“What though Issachar be strong?
Ye may load his back with wrong
Overmuch and overlong:

Patience, with her cup o'errun,
With her weary thread outspun,
Murmurs that her work is done.

If with added weight ye strain
On th' already breaking chain,
Who shall bind its links again?

Give us bright, though broken rays,
Rather than eternal haze,
Clouding o'er the full-orbed blaze.

Take your land of sun and bloom ;
Only leave to Freedom room
For her plough, and forge, and loom ;

Take your slavery-blackened vales :
Leave us but our own free gales,
Blowing on our thousand sails.

Boldly, or with treacherous art,
Strike the blood-wrought chain apart ;
Break the Union's mighty heart ;--

Work the ruin, if ye will ;
Pluck upon your heads an ill
Which shall grow and deepen still.

With your bondman's right arm bare,
With his heart of black despair,
Stand alone, if stand ye dare !

Onward with your fell design ;
Dig the gulf and draw the line ;
Fire beneath your feet the mine :

Deeply, when the wide abyss
Yawns between your land and this,
Shall ye feel your helplessness.

By the hearth, and in the bed,
Shaken by a look or tread,
Ye shall own a guilty dread.

And the curse of unpaid toil
Downward through your generous soil
Like a fire shall burn and spoil.

Our bleak hills shall bud and blow,
Vines our rocks shall overgrow,
Plenty in our valleys flow ;—

And when vengeance clouds your skies,
Hither shall ye turn your eyes,
As the damned on Paradise !

We but ask our rocky strand,
Freedom's true and brother band,
Freedom's strong and honest hard,—

Valleys by the slave untrod,
And the Pilgrims' mountain sod,
Blessed of our father's God !”

STANZAS FOR THE TIMES.

Written on reading the sentence of John L. Brown, of South Carolina, to be executed on the 25th of April, 1844, for the crime of assisting a female slave to escape from bondage :—

Ho ! thou who seekest late and long
 A license from the Holy Book
 For brutal lust and Hell's red wrong
 Man of the Pulpit, look !—
 Lift up those cold and atheist eyes,
 This ripe fruit of thy teaching see ;
 And tell us how to Heaven will rise
 The incense of *this* sacrifice—
This blossom of the Gallows Tree !—

Search out for SLAVERY's hour of need
 Some fitting text of sacred writ ;*
 Give heaven the credit of a deed
 Which shames the nether pit.
 Kneel, smooth blasphemer, unto Him,
 Whose truth is on thy lips a lie,
 Ask that His bright-winged cherubim
 May bend around that scaffold grim
 To guard and bless and sanctify !—

* Three new publications from the pens of Rev. Dr. Junkin, President of Miami College ; Rev. Alex. McCaine of the Methodist Protestant church ; and of a clergyman of the Cincinnati Synod, defending Slavery on Scriptural grounds, have recently made their appearance.—*Cincinnati Herald*.

Ho ! champion of the people's cause—
 Suspend thy loud and vain rebuke
 Of foreign wrong and Old World laws,
 Man of the Senate, look !—
 Was *this* the promise of the free,
 The great hope of our early time,—
 That Slavery's poison vine should be
 Upborne by freedom's prayer-nursed tree,
 O'erclustered with *such* fruits of crime ?—

Send out the summons, East and West,
 And South and North, let all be there,
 Where he who pitied the oppressed
 Swings out in sun and air.
 Let not a democratic hand
 The grisly hangman's task refuse
 There let each loyal patriot stand
 Awaiting Slavery's command
 To twist the rope and draw the noose !—

But vain is irony—unmeet
 Its cold rebuke for deeds which start
 In fiery and indignant beat
 The pulses of the heart
 Leave studied wit, and guarded phrase
 For those who *think* but do not *feel* :
 Let MEN speak out in words which raise
 Where'er they fall an answering blaze
 Like flints which strike the fire from steel.

Still let a mousing Priesthood ply
 Their garbled text and gloss of sin
 And make the lettered scroll deny
 Its living soul within ;

Still let the place-fed titled knave
Plead Robbery's right with purchased lips,
And tell us that our fathers gave
For Freedom's pedestal, a slave,
For frieze and moulding, chains and whips!—

But yet who own that higher law
Whose tables in the heart are set,
Speak out in words of power and awe
That GOD IS LIVING YET!
Breathe forth once more those tones sublime
Which thrilled the burdened Prophet's lyre,
And in a dark and evil time
Smote down on Israel's fast of crime
And gift of blood, a rain of fire!

Oh, not for us the graceful lay
To whose soft measures lightly move
The Dryad and the woodland Fay,
O'erlooked by Mirth and Love;
But such a stern and startling strain
As Britain's hunted bards flung down
From Snowden to the conquered plain
Where harshly clanked the Saxon chain
On trampled field and smoking town.

By Liberty's dishonored name,
By man's lost hope and failing trust,
By words and deeds which bow with shame
Our foreheads to the dust,
By the exulting Tyrant's sneer
Borne to us from the Old World's thrones,
And, by whose victims' grief who hear
In sunless mines and dungeons drear
How Freedom's land her faith disowns!—

Speak out in *acts* : the time for words
Has passed, and deeds alone suffice ;
In the loud clang of meeting swords
The softer music dies !
Act—act in God's name, while ye may,
Smite from the Church her leprous limb,
Throw open to the light of day
The bondman's cell, and break away
The chains the State has bound on him.

Ho !—every true and living soul,
To Freedom's perilled altar bear
The freeman's and the christian's whole,
Tongue, pen, and vote and prayer !
One last great battle for the Right—,
One short sharp struggle to be free !—
To do is to succeed—our fight
Is waged in Heaven's approving sight—
The smile of God is Victory !

OUR COUNTRYMEN IN CHAINS.

"The despotism which our fathers could not bear in their native country is expiring, and the sword of justice in her reformed hands has applied its exterminating edge to slavery. Shall the United States—the free United States, which could not bear the bonds of a king, cradle the bondage which a king is abolishing? Shall a Republic be less free than a Monarchy? Shall we, in the vigor and buoyancy of our manhood, be less energetic in righteousness than a kingdom in its age?"—*Dr Follen's Address.*

"Genius of America!—Spirit of free institutions!—where art thou? How art thou fallen, O Lucifer! son of the morning—how art thou fallen from Heaven! Hell from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming! The kings of the earth cry out to thee, Aha! Aha!—ART THOU BECOME LIKE UNTO US?"—*Speech of Samuel J. May.*

Our fellow-countrymen in chains!

Slaves—in a land of light and law!

Slaves—crouching on the very plains

Where roll'd the storm of Freedom's war!

A groan from Eutaw's haunted wood—

A wail where Camden's martyrs fell—

By every shrine of patriot blood,

From Moultrie's wall and Jasper's well!

By storied hill and hallow'd grot,

By mossy wood and marshy glen,

Whence rang of old the rifle-shot,

And hurrying shout of Marion's men

The groan of breaking hearts is there—
The falling lash—the fetter's clank!
Slaves—*SLAVES* are breathing in that air,
Which old De Kalb and Sumter drank!

What, ho!—*our* countrymen in chains!
The whip on *WOMAN*'s shrinking flesh!
Our soil yet reddening with the stains,
Caught from her scourging, warm and fresh!
What! mothers from their children riven!
What! God's own image bought and sold!
AMERICANS to market driven,
And barter'd as the brute for gold!

Speak! shall their agony of prayer
Come thrilling to our hearts in vain?
To us, whose fathers scorn'd to bear
The paltry *menace* of a chain;
To us, whose boast is loud and long
Of holy Liberty and Light—
Say, shall these writhing slaves of Wrong,
Plead vainly for their plunder'd Right?

What! shall we send, with lavish breath
Our sympathies across the wave
Where Manhood, on the field of death,
Strikes for his freedom, or a grave?
Shall prayers go up, and hymns be sung
For Greece, the Moslem fetter spurning,
And millions hail with pen and tongue
Our light on all her altars burning?

Shall Belgium feel, and gallant France,
By Vendome's pile and Schoenbrun's wall,
And Poland, gasping on her lance,
The impulse of our cheering call?
And shall the SLAVE, beneath our eye,
Clank o'er *our* fields his hateful chain?
And toss his fetter'd arms on high,
And groan for Freedom's gift, in vain?

Oh, say, shall Prussia's banner be
A refuge for the stricken slave?
And shall the Russian serf go free
By Baikal's lake and Neva's wave?
And shall the wintry-bosom'd Dane
Relax the iron hand of pride,
And bid his bondmen cast the chain,
From fetter'd soul and limb, aside?

Shall every flap of England's flag
Proclaim that all around are free,
From "farthest Ind" to each blue crag
That beetles o'er the Western Sea?
And shall we scoff at Europe's kings,
When Freedom's fire is dim with us,
And round our country's altar clings
The damning shade of Slavery's curse?

Go—let us ask of Constantine
To loose his grasp on Poland's throat;
And beg the lord of Mahmoud's line
To spare the struggling Suliote—

Will not the scorching answer come
From turban'd Turk, and fiery Russ:
"Go, loose your fetter'd slaves at home,
Then turn, and ask the like of us!"

Just God! and shall we calmly rest,
The Christian's scorn—the Heathen's mirth—
Content to live the lingering jest
And by-word of a mocking Earth?
Shall our own glorious land retain
That curse which Europe scorns to bear?
Shall our own brethren drag the chain
Which not even Russia's menials wear?

Up, then, in Freedom's manly part,
From grey-beard eld to fiery youth,
And on the nation's naked heart
Scatter the living coals of Truth!
Up—while ye slumber, deeper yet
The shadow of our fame is growing!
Up—while ye pause, our sun may set
In blood, around our altars flowing!

Oh! rouse ye, ere the storm comes forth—
The gather'd wrath of God and man—
Like that which wasted Egypt's earth,
When hail and fire above it ran.
Hear ye no warnings in the air?
Feel ye no earthquake underneath?
Up—up—why will ye slumber where
The sleeper only wakes in death?

Up *now* for Freedom!—not in strife
Like that your sterner fathers saw—
The awful waste of human life—
The glory and the guilt of war:
But break the chain—the yoke remove,
And smite to earth Oppression's rod,
With those mild arms of Truth and Love,
Made mighty through the living God!

Down let the shrine of Moloch sink,
And leave no traces where it stood;
No longer let its idol drink
His daily cup of human blood:
But rear another altar there,
To Truth and Love and Mercy given,
And Freedom's gift, and Freedom's prayer,
Shall call an answer down from Heaven!

TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS SHIPLEY.

President of the Pennsylvania Abolition Society, who died on the 17th of the 9th month, 1836, a devoted Christian and Philanthropist.

Gone to thy Heavenly Father's rest !
 The flowers of Eden round thee blowing !
 And on thine ear the murmurs blest
 Of Shiloah's waters softly flowing !
 Beneath that Tree of Life which gives
 To all the earth its healing leaves !
 In the white robe of angels clad !
 And wandering by that sacred river,
 Whose streams of holiness make glad
 The city of our God for ever !

Gentlest of spirits !—not for thee
 Our tears are shed—our sighs are given
 Why mourn to know thou art a free
 Partaker of the joys of Heaven ?
 Finish'd thy work, and kept thy faith
 In Christian firmness unto death :
 And beautiful as sky and earth,
 When Autumn's sun is downward going,
 The blessed memory of thy worth
 Around thy place of slumber glowing !

But woe for us ! who linger still
 With feebler strength and hearts less lowly,
 And minds less steadfast to the will
 Of Him whose every work is holy
 For not like thine, is crucified
 The spirit of our human pride :
 And at the bondman's tale of woe,
 And for the outcast and forsaken,
 Not warm like thine, but cold and slow,
 Our weaker sympathies awaken.

Darkly upon our struggling way
 The storm of human hate is sweeping ;
 Hunted and branded, and a prey,
 Our watch amidst the darkness keeping !
 Oh ! for that hidden strength which can
 Nerve unto death the inner man !
 Oh ! for thy spirit, tried and true,
 And constant in the hour of trial,
 Prepared to suffer, or to do,
 In meekness and in self-denial.

Oh ! for that spirit, meek and mild,
 Derided, spurn'd, yet uncomplaining--
 By man deserted and reviled,
 Yet faithful to its trust remaining
 Still prompt and resolute to save
 From scourge and chain the hunted slave !
 Unwavering in the Truth's defence,
 Even where the fires of Hate are burning,
 Th' unquailing eye of innocence
 Alone upon th' oppressor turning !

O loved of thousands! to thy grave,
Sorrowing of heart, thy brethren bore thee!
The poor man and the rescued slave
Wept as the broken earth closed o'er thee—
And grateful tears, like summer rain,
Quicken'd its dying grass again!
And there, as to some pilgrim-shrine,
Shall come the outcast and the lowly,
Of gentle deeds and words of thine
Recalling memories sweet and holy!

Oh! for the death the righteous die!
An end, like Autumn's day declining,
On human hearts, as on the sky,
With holier, tenderer beauty shining;
As to the parting soul were given
The radiance of an opening Heaven!
As if that pure and blessed light,
From off th' Eternal altar flowing
Were bathing, in its upward flight,
The spirit to its worship going!

STANZAS FOR THE TIMES.

The "Times" alluded to, were those evil times of the pro slavery meeting in Faneuil Hall for the suppression of Freedom in Speech, lest it should endanger the foundations of commercial society. In view of the outrages which a careful observation of the times had enabled him to foresee must spring from the false witness borne against the abolitionists by the speakers at that meeting, well might Garrison say of them, "Sir, I consider the man who fires a city, guiltless in comparison."

Is this the land our fathers loved,
 The freedom which they toil'd to win?
 Is this the soil whereon they moved?
 Are these the graves they slumber in?
 Are *we* the sons by whom are borne
 The mantles which the dead have worn?

And shall we crouch above these graves,
 With craven soul and fetter'd lip?
 Yoke in with mark'd and branded SLAVES,
 And tremble at the driver's whip?
 Bend to the earth our pliant knees,
 And speak—but as our masters please?

Shall outraged Nature cease to feel?
 Shall Mercy's tears no longer flow?
 Shall ruffian threats of cord and steel—
 The dungeon's gloom—the assassin's blow,
 Turn back the spirit roused to save
 The Truth—our Country—and the *Slave*?

Of human skulls that shrine was made,
 Reund which the priests of Mexico
Before their loathsome idol pray'd—
 Is Freedom's altar fashion'd so?
And must we yield to Freedom's God,
As offering meet, the negro's blood?

Shall tongues be mute, when deeds are wrought
 Which well might shame extremest Hell?
Shall freemen lock th' indignant thought?
 Shall Mercy's bosom cease to swell?
Shall Honour bleed?—shall truth succumb?
Shall pen, and press, and *soul* be dumb?

No—by each spot of haunted ground,
 Where Freedom weeps her children's fall—
By Plymouth's rock—and Bunker's mound—
 By Griswold's stain'd and shatter'd wall—
By Warren's Ghost—by Langdon's shade—
By all the memories of our dead!

By their enlarging souls, which burst
 The bands and fetters round them set—
By the FREE PILGRIM SPIRIT nursed
 Within our inmost bosoms, yet,—
By all above—around—below—
Be ours th' indignant answer—NO!

No—guided by our country's laws,
 For truth, and right, and suffering man,
Be ours to strive in Freedom's cause,
 As Christians *may*—as freemen *can*!
Still pouring on unwilling ears
That truth oppression only fears.

What ! shall we guard our neighbour still,
While *woman* shrieks beneath his rod,
And while he tramples down at will
The image of a common God !
Shall watch and ward be round him set
Of Northern nerve and bayonet ?

And shall we know and share with him
The danger and the open shame ?
And see our Freedom's light grow dim,
Which should have fill'd the world with flame ?
And, writhing, feel, where'er we turn,
A world's reproach around us burn ?

Is't not enough that this is borne ?
And asks our haughty neighbour more ?
Must fetters which his slaves have worn,
Clank round the Yankee farmer's door ?
Must *he* be told, beside his plough,
What he must speak, and *when*, and *how* ?

Must *he* be told his freedom stands
On Slavery's dark foundations strong—
On breaking hearts and fetter'd hands,
On robbery, and crime, and wrong ?
That all his fathers taught is vain—
That Freedom's emblem is the chain ?

Its life—its soul, from *slavery* drawn ?
False—foul—profane ! Go—teach as well
Of holy Truth from Falsehood born !
Of Heaven refresh'd by airs from Hell !
Of Virtue nursed by open Vice !
Of Demons planting Paradise !

Rail on, then, "brethren of the South"—

Ye shall not hear the truth the less—

No seal is on the Yankee's mouth,

No fetter on the Yankee's press!

From our Green Mountains to the Sea,

One voice shall thunder—**WE ARE FREE!**

TO GOVERNOR M'DUFFIE.

"The patriarchal institution of slavery,"—"the corner-stone of our republican edifice."—*Gov. M'Duffie.*

King of Carolina—hail!

Last champion of Oppression's battle!
Lord of rice-tierce and cotton-bale!

Of sugar-box and human cattle!
Around thy temples, green and dark,
Thy own tobacco-wreath reposes;
Thyself, a brother Patriarch
Of Isaac, Abraham, and Moses!

Why not?—Their household rule is thine;

Like theirs, thy bondmen feel its rigor.
And thine, perchance, is concubine,

Some swarthy counterpart of Hagar.

Why not?—Like patriarchs of old,

The priesthood is thy chosen station;
Like them thou payest thy rites to gold—
An Aaron's calf of Nullification.

All fair and softly!—Must we, then,

From Ruin's open jaws to save us,
Upon our own free working men
Confer a master's special favors?

Whips for the back—chains for the heels—
Hooks for the nostrils of Democracy
Before it spurns as well as feels
The riding of the Aristocracy!

Ho! fishermen of Marblehead!
Ho!—Lynn cordwainers, leave your leather,
And wear the yoke in kindness made,
And clank your needful chains together
Let Lowell mills their thousands yield,
Down let the rough Vermonter hasten,
Down from the workshop and the field,
And thank us for each chain we fasten.

SLAVES in the rugged Yankee land!
I tell thee, Carolinian, never!
Our rocky hills and iron strand
Are free, and shall be free for ever.
The surf shall wear that strand away
Our granite hills in dust shall moulder,
Ere Slavery's hateful yoke shall lay,
Unbroken, on a Yankee's shoulder!

No, George M'Duffie!—keep thy words
For the mail plunderers of thy city,
Whose robber-right is in their swords;
For recreant Priest and Lynch-Committee!
Go, point thee to thy cannon's mouth,
And swear its brazen lips are better,
To guard "the interests of the South,"
Than parchment scroll, or Charter's letter.*

* See Speech of Gov. M'D. to an artillery company in Charleston, S. C.

We fear not. Streams which brawl most loud
Along their course, are oftenest shallow
And loudest to a doubting crowd
The coward publishes his valor.
Thy courage has at least been shown
In many a bloodless Southern quarrel,
Facing, with hartshorn and cologne
The Georgian's harmless pistol-barrel.*

No, Southron! Not in Yankee land
Will threats, like thine, a fear awaken:
The men, who on their charter stand
For truth and right, may not be shaken.
Still shall that truth assail thine ear
Each breeze, from Northern mountains blowing.
The tones of Liberty shall bear—
God's "free incendiaries" going!

We give thee joy!—thy name is heard
With reverence on the Neva's borders;
And "turban'd Turk," and Poland's lord,
And Metternich, are thy applauders.
Go—if thou lov'st *such* fame, and share
The mad Ephesian's base example—
The holy bonds of UNION tear,
And clap the torch to FREEDOM's temple!

* Most of our readers will recollect the "chivalrous" affair between M'Duffie and Col. Cummings, of Georgia, some years ago, in which the parties fortified themselves with spirits of hartshorn and *eau de Cologne*.

Do this—Heaven's frown, thy country's curse,
Guilt's fiery torture ever burning—
The quenchless thirst of Tantalus,
And Ixion's wheel for ever turning—
A name, for which "the pain'dest fiend
Below" his own would barter never,—
These shall be thine unto the end—
Thy damning heritage for ever!

LINES

Written on reading "RIGHT AND WRONG IN BOSTON:"
containing an account of the meeting of the Boston Female
Anti-Slavery Society, and the MOB which followed, on the 21st
of the 10th month, 1835.

Unshrinking from the storm,
Well have ye borne your part,
With WOMAN'S fragile form,
But more than manhood's heart !
Faithful to Freedom, when
Its name was held accursed—
Faithful, 'midst ruffian men,
Unto your holy trust.

Oh—steadfast in the Truth !
Not for yourselves alone,
Matron and gentle youth,
Your lofty zeal was shown :
For the bondman of all climes—
For Freedom's last abode—
For the hope of future times—
For the birthright gift of God—

For scorn'd and broken laws—
For honour and the right—
For the staked and peril'd cause
Of liberty and light—

For the holy eyes above
On a world of evil cast—
For the CHILDREN of your love—
For the MOTHERS of the past!

Worthy of THEM are ye—
The Pilgrim wives who dared
The waste and unknown sea,
And the hunter's perils shared.
Worthy of her* whose mind,
Triumphant over all,
Ruler nor priest could bind,
Nor banishment appal.

Worthy of her† who died
Martyr of Freedom, where
Your "Common's" verdant pride
Opens to sun and air:
Upheld at that dread hour
By strength which could not fail;
Before whose holy power
Bigot and priest turn'd pale.

God give ye strength to run,
Unawed by Earth or Hell,
The race ye have begun
So gloriously and well,

* Mrs. Hutchinson, who was banished from the Massachusetts Colony, as the easiest method of confuting her doctrines.

† Mary Dyer, the Quaker Martyr, who was hanged in Boston, in 1659, for worshipping God according to the dictates of her conscience,

Until the trumpet-call
Of Freedom has gone forth,
With joy and life to all
The bondmen of the earth !

Until IMMORTAL MIND
Unshackled walks abroad,
And chains no longer bind
The image of our God.
Until no captive one
Murmurs on land or wave;
And, in his course, the sun
Looks down upon no SLAVE !

CLERICAL OPPRESSORS.

In the Report of the celebrated pro-slavery meeting in Charleston, S. C., on the 4th of the 9th month, 1835, published in the Courier of that city, it is stated, "*The CLERGY of all denominations attended in a body, LENDING THEIR SANCTION TO THE PROCEEDINGS, and adding by their presence to the impressive character of the scene !*"

Just God !— and these are they
Who minister at Thine altar, God of Right !
Men who their hands with prayer and blessing lay
On Israel's Ark of light !

What ! preach and kidnap men ?
Give thanks—and rob Thy own afflicted poor ?
Talk of Thy glorious liberty, and then
Bolt hard the captive's door ?

What ! servants of Thy own
Merciful Son, who came to seek and save
The homeless and the outcast,—fettering down
The task'd and plunder'd slave !

Pilate and Herod, friends !
Chief priests and rulers, as of old, combine !
Just God and holy ! is that church which lends
Strength to the spoiler, Thine ?

Paid hypocrites, who turn
Judgment aside, and rob the Holy Book
Of those high words of truth which search and burn
In warning and rebuke.

Feed fat, ye locusts, feed !
And, in your tassel'd pulpits, thank the Lord
That, from the toiling bondman's utter need,
Ye pile your own full board.

How long, O Lord ! how long
Shall such a Priesthood barter truth away,
And, in Thy name, for robbery and wrong
At Thy own altars pray ?

Is not Thy hand stretch'd forth
Visibly in the heavens, to awe and smite ?
Shall not the living God of all the earth,
And heaven above, do right ?

Woe, then, to all who grind
Their brethren of a Common Father down !
To all who plunder from th' immortal mind
Its bright and glorious crown !

Woe to the Priesthood ! woe
To those whose hire is with the price of blood—
Perverting, darkening, changing as they go
The searching truths of God !

Their glory and their might
Shall perish ; and their very names shall be
Vile before all the people, in the light
OF A WORLD'S LIBERTY.

Oh ! speed the moment on
When Wrong shall cease—and Liberty, and Love,
And Truth, and Right, throughout the earth be known
As in their home above.

THE HUNTERS OF MEN.

Written on reading the report of the proceedings of the American Colonization Society, at its annual meeting in 1834.

Have ye heard of our hunting, o'er mountain and glen,
Through cane-brake and forest—the hunting of men?
The lords of our land to this hunting have gone,
As the fox-hunter follows the sound of the horn:
Hark!—the cheer and the hallo!—the crack of the
 whip,

And the yell of the hound as he fastens his grip!
All blithe are our hunters, and noble their match—
Though *hundreds* are caught, there are *millions* to catch:
So speed to their hunting, o'er mountain and glen,
Through cane-brake and forest—the hunting of men!

Gay luck to our hunters!—how nobly they ride
In the glow of their zeal, and the strength of their
 pride!—

The Priest with his cassock flung back on the wind,
Just screening the politic Statesman behind—
The saint and the sinner, with cursing and prayer—
The drunk and the sober, ride merrily there.
And woman—kind woman—wife, widow and maid—
For *the good of the hunted*, is lending her aid.

Her foot's in the stirrup—her hand on the rein—
How blithely she rides to the hunting of men!

Oh! goodly and grand is our hunting to see,
In this "land of the brave and this home of the
free."

Priest, warrior, and statesman, from Georgia to Maine,
All mounting the saddle—all grasping the rein—
Right merrily hunting the black man, whose sin
Is the curl of his hair and the hue of his skin!
Woe, now, to the hunted who turns him at bay!
Will our hunters be turned from their purpose and
prey?

Will their hearts fail within them?—their nerves
tremble, when
All roughly they ride to the hunting of men?

Ho!—ALMS for our hunters! all weary and faint
Wax the curse of the sinner and prayer of the saint.
The horn is wound faintly—the echoes are still
Over cane-brake and river and forest and hill.
Haste—alms for our hunters! the hunted once more
Have turn'd from their flight with their backs to the
shore:

What right have *they* here in the home of the white,
Shadow'd o'er by *our* banner of Freedom and Right?
Ho!—alms for the hunters! or never again
Will they ride in their pomp to the hunting of men?

ALMS—ALMS for our hunters! why *will* ye delay
When their pride and their glory are melting away?
The parson has turn'd; for, on charge of his own,
Who goeth a warfare, or hunting, alone?

The politic statesman looks back with a sigh—
There is doubt in his heart—there is fear in his eye.
Oh! haste, lest that doubting and fear shall prevail,
And the head of his steed take the place of the tail.
Oh! haste, ere he leaves us, for who will ride then,
For pleasure or gain, to the hunting of men?

THE YANKEE GIRL.

She sings by her wheel, at that low cottage-door,
Which the long evening shadow is stretching before,
With a music as sweet as the music which seems
Breathed softly and faint in the ear of our dreams !

How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eye,
Like a star glancing out from the blue of the sky !
And lightly and freely her dark tresses play
O'er a brow and a bosom as lovely as they !

Who comes in his pride to that low cottage-door—
The haughty and rich to the humble and poor ?
'Tis the great Southern planter—the master who waves
His whip of dominion o'er hundreds of slaves.

“Nay, Ellen—for shame ! Let those Yankee fools spin
Who would pass for our slaves with a change of their
skin ;
Let them toil as they will at the loom or the wheel,
Too stupid for shame, and too vulgar to feel !

But thou art too lovely and precious a gem
To be bound to their burdens and sullied by them—
For shame, Ellen, shame !—cast thy bondage aside,
And away to the South, as my blessing and pride.

Oh, come where no winter thy footsteps can wrong,
But where flowers are blossoming all the year long,
Where the shade of the palm tree is over my home,
And the lemon and orange are white in their bloom !

Oh, come to my home, where my servants shall all
Depart at thy bidding and come at thy call ;
They shall heed thee as mistress with trembling and
awe,
And each wish of thy heart shall be felt as a law."

Oh, could ye have seen her—that pride of our girls—
Arise and cast back the dark wealth of her curls,
With a scorn in her eye which the gazer could feel,
And a glance like the sunshine that flashes on steel !

"Go back, haughty Southron ! thy treasures of gold
Are dim with the blood of the hearts thou hast sold ;
Thy home may be lovely, but round it I hear
The crack of the whip and the footsteps of fear !

And the sky of thy South may be brighter than ours,
And greener thy landscapes, and fairer thy flowers ;
But, dearer the blast round our mountains which raves,
Than the sweet summer zephyr which breathes over
slaves !

Full low at thy bidding thy negroes may kneel,
With the iron of bondage on spirit and heel ;
Yet know that the Yankee girl sooner would be
In *fetters* with *them*, than in freedom with *thee* !"

THE SLAVES SHIP.

“ ————— That fatal, that perfidious bark,
Built i' the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark.”

Milton's Lycidas.

The French ship *Le Rodeur*, with a crew of twenty-two men, and with one hundred and sixty negro slaves, sailed from Bonny in Africa, April, 1819. On approaching the line, a terrible malady broke out—an obstinate disease of the eyes—contagious, and altogether beyond the resources of medicine. It was aggravated by the scarcity of water among the slaves, (only half a wine glass per day being allowed to an individual,) and by the extreme impurity of the air in which they breathed. By the advice of the physician, they were brought upon deck occasionally; but some of the poor wretches, locking themselves in each other's arms, leaped overboard, in the hope, which so universally prevails among them, of being swiftly transported to their own homes in Africa. To check this, the captain ordered several, who were stopped in the attempt, to be shot, or hanged, before their companions. The disease extended to the crew; and one after another were smitten with it, until only one remained unaffected. Yet even this dreadful condition did not preclude calculation: to save the expense of supporting slaves rendered unsaleable, and to obtain grounds for a claim against the underwriters, *thirty-six of the negroes, having become blind, were thrown into the sea and drowned!*

In the midst of their dreadful fears lest the solitary individual, whose sight remained unaffected, should also be seized with the malady, a sail was discovered. It was the Spanish slaver, *Leon*. The same disease had been there; and horrible to tell, all the crew had become blind! Unable to assist each other, the vessels parted. The Spanish ship has never since been heard of. The

Rodeur reached Guadaloupe on the 21st of June; the only man who had escaped the disease, and had thus been enabled to steer the slaver into port, caught it in three days after its arrival.—*Speech of M. Benjamin Constant, in the French Chamber of Deputies, June, 17, 1820.*

“All ready?” cried the captain;
“Ay, ay!” the seaman said;
“Heave up the worthless lubbers—
The dying and the dead.”
Up from the slave-ship’s prison
Fierce, bearded heads were thrust—
“Now let the sharks look to it—
Toss up the dead ones first!”

Corpse after corpse came up,—
Death had been busy there;
Where every blow is mercy,
Why should the Spoiler spare?
Corpse after corpse they cast
Sullenly from the ship,
Yet bloody with the traces
Of fetter-link and whip.

Gloomily stood the captain,
With his arms upon his breast,
With his cold brow sternly knotted,
And his iron lip compress’d.
“Are all the dead dogs over?”
Growl’d through that matted lip—
‘The blind ones are no better,
Let’s lighten the good ship.’

Hark! from the ship's dark bosom,
The very sounds of Hell!
The ringing clank of iron—
The maniac's short, sharp yell!—
The hoarse, low curse, throat-stifled—
The starving infant's moan—
The horror of a breaking heart
Pour'd through a mother's groan!

Up from that loathsome prison
The stricken blind ones came:
Below, had all been darkness—
Above, was still the same.
Yet the holy breath of heaven
Was sweetly breathing there,
And the heated brow of fever
Cool'd in the soft sea air.

'Overboard with them, shipmates!'
Cutlass and dirk were plied;
Fetter'd and blind, one after one,
Plunged down the vessel's side.
The sabre smote above—
Beneath, the lean shark lay,
Waiting with wide and bloody jaw
His quick and human prey.

God of the Earth! what cries
Rang upward unto Thee?
Voices of agony and blood,
From ship-deck and from sea.

The last dull plunge was heard—
The last wave caught its stain—
And the unsated shark look'd up
For human hearts in vain.

* * * *

Red glow'd the Western waters—
The setting sun was there,
Scattering alike on wave and cloud
His fiery mesh of hair.
Amidst a group in blindness,
A solitary eye
Gazed, from the burden'd slaver's deck,
Into that burning sky.

"A storm," spoke out the gazer,
"Is gathering and at hand—
Curse on 't—I'd give my other eye
For one firm rood of land."
And then he laugh'd—but only
His echo'd laugh replied—
For the blinded and the suffering
Alone were at his side.

Night settled on the waters,
And on a stormy heaven,
While fiercely 'on that lone ship's track
The thunder-gust was driven,
A sail!—thank God, a sail!"
And, as the helmsman spoke,
Up through the stormy murmur
A shout of gladness broke.

Down came the stranger vessel
Unheeding on her way,
So near, that on the slaver's deck
Fell off her driven spray.
“ Ho ! for the love of mercy—
We're perishing and blind ! ”
A wail of utter agony
Came back upon the wind :

“ Help *us* ! for we are stricken
With blindness every one ;
Ten days we've floated fearfully,
Unnoting star or sun.
Our ship's the slaver Leon—
We've but a score on board—
Our slaves are all gone over—
Help—for the love of God ! ”

On livid brows of agony
The broad red lightning shone—
But the roar of wind and thunder
Stifled the answering groan.
Wail'd from the broken waters
A last despairing cry,
As, kindling in the stormy light,
'The stranger ship went by.

* * * * *

In the sunny Guadaloupe
A dark hull'd vessel lay—
With a crew who noted never
The night-fall or the day.

The blossom of the orange
Was white by every stream,
And tropic leaf, and flower and bird
Were in the warm sun-beam.

And the sky was bright as ever
And the moonlight slept as well,
On the palm-trees by the hill-side,
And the streamlet of the dell ;
And the glances of the Creole
Were still as archly deep,
And her smiles as full as ever
Of passion and of sleep.

But vain were bird and blossom,
The green earth and the sky,
And the smile of human faces,
To the ever darken'd eye ;
For, amidst a world of beauty,
The slaver went abroad,
With his ghastly visage written
By the awful curse of God !

THE FAREWELL

OF A VIRGINIA SLAVE MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTERS, SOLD
INTO SOUTHERN BONDAGE.

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings,
Where the noisome insect stings,
Where the Fever Demon strews
Poison with the falling dews.
Where the sickly sunbeams glare
Through the hot and misty air,—
Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
There no mother's eye is near them,
There no mother's ear can hear them ;
Never, when the torturing lash
Seams their back with many a gash,
Shall a mother's kindness bless them,
Or a mother's arms caress them.
Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
Oh, when weary, sad, and slow,
From the fields at night they go,
Faint with toil, and rack'd with pain,
To their cheerless homes again—
There no brother's voice shall greet them—
There no father's welcome meet them.

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,
Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From the tree whose shadow lay
On their childhood's place of play—
From the cool spring where they drank—
Rock, and hill, and rivulet bank—
From the solemn house of prayer,
And the holy counsels there—

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone—
Toiling through the weary day,
And at night the Spoiler's prey.
Oh, that they had earlier died,
Sleeping calmly, side by side,

Where the tyrant's power is o'er
And the fetter galls no more !

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
From Virginia's hills and waters.—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
By the holy love He beareth—
By the bruised reed He spareth—
Oh, may He, to whom alone
All their cruel wrongs are known.
Still their hope and refuge prove,
With a more than mother's love.
Gone, gone—sold and gone.
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

L I N E S ,

Written on the adoption of Pinckney's Resolutions, in the House of Representatives, and the passage of Calhoun's " Bill of Abominations" to a second reading, in the Senate of the United States.

Now, by our fathers' ashes ! where's the spirit
Of the true-hearted and the unshackled gone ?
Sons of old freemen, do we but inherit
Their *names* alone ?

Is the old *Pilgrim spirit* quench'd within us
Stoops the proud manhood of our souls so low,
That Mammon's lure or Party's wile can win us
To silence now ?

No. When our land to ruin's brink is verging,
In God's name, let us speak while there is time !
Now, when the padlocks for our lips are forging,
SILENCE IS CRIME !

What ! shall we henceforth humbly ask as favors
Rights all our own ? In madness shall we barter,
For treacherous peace, the FREEDOM Nature gave us,
God and our charter ?

Here shall the statesman seek the free to fetter ?
Here Lynch-law light its horrid fires on high ?
And, in the church, their proud and skill'd abettor,
Make truth a lie ?

Torture the pages of the hallow'd Bible,
To sanction crime, and robbery, and blood ?
And, in Oppression's hateful service, libel
Both man and God ?

Shall our New England stand erect no longer,
But stoop in chains upon her downward way,
Thicker to gather on her limbs and stronger
Day after day ?

Oh, no ; methinks from all her wild, green mountains—
From valleys where her slumbering fathers lie—
From her blue rivers and her welling fountains,
And clear, cold sky—

From her rough coast, and isles, which hungry Ocean
Gnaws with his surges—from the fisher's skiff,
With white sail swaying to the billows' motion
Round rock and cliff—

From the free fire-side of her unbought farmer—
From her free laborer at his loom and wheel—
From the brown smith-shop, where, beneath the
hammer,
Rings the red steel—

From each and all, if God hath not forsaken,
Our land, and left us to an evil choice,
Loud as the summer thunderbolt shall waken
A PEOPLE'S VOICE !

Startling and stern ! the Northern winds shall bear it
Over Potomac's to St. Mary's wave ;
And buried Freedom shall awake to hear it
Within her grave.

Oh, let that voice go forth ! The bondman sighing
By Santee's wave, in Mississippi's cane,
Shall feel the hope, within his bosom dying,
Revive again.

Let it go forth ! The millions who are gazing
Sadly upon us from afar, shall smile,
And unto God devout thanksgiving raising,
Bless us the while.

Oh, for your ancient freedom, pure and holy,
For the deliverance of a groaning earth,
For the wrong'd captive, bleeding, crush'd, and lowly,
Let it go forth !

Sons of the best of fathers ! will ye falter
With all they left ye peril'd and at stake ?
Ho ! once again on Freedom's holy altar
The fire awake !

Prayer-strengthen'd for the trial, come together,
Put on the harness for the moral fight,
And, with the blessing of your heavenly Father,
MAINTAIN THE RIGHT !

A D D R E S S,

Written for the opening of "PENNSYLVANIA HALL," dedicated to Free Discussion, Virtue, Liberty, and Independence, on the 15th of the 5th month, 1838.

Not with the splendors of the days of old,
 'The spoil of nations, and "barbaric gold"—
 No weapons wrested from the fields of blood,
 Where dark and stern th' unyielding Roman stood,
 And the proud Eagles of his cohorts saw
 A world, war-wasted, crouching to his law—
 Nor Blazon'd car—nor banners floating gay,
 Like those which swept along the Appian way,
 When, to the welcome of imperial Rome,
 The victor warrior came in triumph home,
 And trumpet-peal, and shoutings wild and high,
 Stir'd the blue quiet of th' Italian sky;
 But calm, and grateful, prayerful, and sincere,
 As Christian freemen, only, gathering here,
 We dedicate our fair and lofty Hall,
 Pillar and arch, entablature and wall,
 As Virtue's shrine—as Liberty's abode—
 Sacred to Freedom, and to Freedom's God !

Oh ! loftier Halls, 'neath brighter skies than these,
 Stood darkly mirror'd in the Ægean seas,
 Pillar and shrine—and life-like statues seen,
 Graceful and pure, the marble shafts between,

Where glorious Athens from her rocky hill
Saw Art and Beauty subject to her will—
And the chaste temple, and the classic grove—
The hall of sages—and the bowers of love,
Arch, fane, and column, graced the shores, and gave
Their shadows to the blue Saronic wave ;
And statelier rose, on Tiber's winding side,
The Pantheon's dome—the Coliseum's pride—
The Capitol, whose arches backward flung
The deep, clear cadence of the Roman tongue,
Whence stern decrees, like words of fate, went forth
To the awed nations of a conquer'd earth,
Where the proud Cæsars in their glory came.
And Brutus lighten'd from his lips of flame !

Yet in the porches of Athena's halls,
And in the shadows of her stately walls,
Lurk'd the sad bondman, and his tears of woe
Wet the cold marble with unheeded flow ;
And fetters clank'd beneath the silver dome
Of the proud Pantheon of imperious Rome.
Oh ! not for him—the chain'd and stricken slave—
By Tiber's shore, or blue Ægina's wave,
In the throng'd forum, or the sages' seat.
The bold lip pleaded, and the warm heart beat ;
No soul of sorrow melted at his pain,
No tear of pity rusted on his chain !

But this fair Hall, to Truth and Freedom given,
Pledged to the Right before all earth and Heaven,
A free arena for the strife of mind,
To caste, or sect, or colour unconfined,

Shall thrill with echoes, such as ne'er of old
From Roman Hall, or Grecian Temple roll'd;
Thoughts shall find utterance, such as never yet
The Propylea or the Forum met.
Beneath its roof no gladiator's strife
Shall win applauses with the waste of life;
No lordly lictor urge the barbarous game—
No wanton Lais glory in her shame.
But here the tear of sympathy shall flow,
As the ear listens to the tale of woe;
Here, in stern judgment of the oppressor's wrong,
Shall strong rebukings thrill on Freedom's tongue—
No partial justice hold th' unequal scale—
No pride of caste a brother's rights assail—
No tyrant's mandates echo from this wall,
Holy to Freedom and the Rights of All!
But a fair field, where mind may close with mind,
Free as the sunshine and the chainless wind;
Where the high trust is fix'd on Truth alone,
And bonds and fetters from the soul are thrown;
Where wealth, and rank, and worldly pomp, and might,
Yield to the presence of the True and Right.

And fitting is it that this Hall should stand
Where Pennsylvania's Founder led his band,
From thy blue waters, Delaware!—to press
The virgin verdure of the wilderness.
Here, where all Europe with amazement saw
The soul's high freedom trammel'd by no law;
Here, where the fierce and warlike forest-men
Gather'd in peace, around the home of PENN,
Awed by the weapons Love alone had given,
Drawn from the holy armory of Heaven;

Where Nature's voice against the bondman's wrong
First found an earnest and indignant tongue ;
Where LAY's bold message to the proud was borne,
And KEITH's rebuke, and FRANKLIN's manly scorn—
Fitting it is that here, where Freedom first
From her fair feet shook off the Old World's dust,
Spread her white pinions to our Western blast,
And her free tresses to our sunshine cast,
One Hall should rise redeem'd from Slavery's ban—
One Temple sacred to the Rights of Man !

Oh ! if the spirits of the parted come,
Visiting angels, to their olden home ;
If the dead fathers of the land look forth
From their far dwellings, to the things of earth—
Is it a dream, that with their eyes of love,
They gaze now on us from the bowers above ?
LAY's ardent soul—and BENEZET the mild,
Steadfast in faith, yet gentle as a child—
Meek-hearted WOOLMAN,—and that brother-band,
The sorrowing exiles from their " FATHER-LAND,"
Leaving their homes in Krieshiem's bowers of vine,
And the blue beauty of their glorious Rhine,
To seek amidst our solemn depths of wood
Freedom from man and holy peace with God ;
Who first of all their testimonial gave
Against th' oppressor,—for the outcast slave,—
Is it a dream that such as these look down,
And with their blessing our rejoicings crown ?

Let us rejoice, that, while the Pulpit's door
Is bar'd against the pleaders for the poor ;

While the Church, wrangling upon points of faith,
Forgets her bondmen suffering unto death
While crafty Traffic and the lust of Gain
Unite to forge Oppression's triple chain,
One door is open, and one Temple free—
A resting-place for hunted Liberty!
Where men may speak, unshackled and unawed,
High words of Truth, for Freedom and for God.

And when that Truth its perfect work hath done,
And rich with blessings o'er our land hath gone;
When not a slave beneath his yoke shall pine,
From broad Potomac to the far Sabine;
When unto angel-lips at last is given
The silver trump of Jubilee in Heaven;
And from Virginia's plains—Kentucky's shades,
And through the dim Floridian everglades,
Rises, to meet that angel-trumpet's sound,
The voice of millions from their chains unbound—
Then, though this Hall be crumbling in decay,
Its strong walls blending with the common clay,
Yet, round the ruins of its strength shall stand
The best and noblest of a ransom'd land—
Pilgrims, like those who throng around the shrine
Of Mecca, or of holy Palestine!—
A prouder glory shall that ruin own
Than that which lingers round the Parthenon.
Here shall the child of after years be taught
The work of Freedom which his fathers wrought—
Told of the trials of the present hour,
Our weary strife with prejudice and power,—
How the high errand quicken'd woman's soul,
And touch'd her lip as with the living coal—

How Freedom's martyrs kept their lofty faith,
True and unwavering, unto bonds and death—
The pencil's art shall sketch the ruin'd Hall,
The Muses' garland crown its aged wall,
And History's pen for after times record
Its consecration unto **FREEDOM'S** GOD :

THE RELIC.

Pennsylvania Hall, dedicated to Free Discussion, and the cause of human liberty, was destroyed by a mob in 1838. The following was written on receiving a cane wrought from a fragment of the wood work which the fire had spared.

Token of friendship true and tried,
 From one whose fiery heart of youth
 With mine has beaten, side by side,
 For Liberty and Truth;
 With honest pride the gift I take
 And prize it for the giver's sake.

But not alone because it tells
 Of generous hand and heart sincere,
 Around that gift of friendship dwells
 A memory doubly dear—
 Earth's noblest aim—man's holiest thought,
 With that memorial frail inwrought!

Pure thoughts and sweet, like flowers unfold .
 And precious memories round it cling,
 Even as the Prophet's rod of old
 In beauty blossoming :
 And buds of feeling pure and good
 Spring from its cold unconscious wood.

Relic of Freedom's shrine—a brand
Plucked from its burning!—let it be
Dear as a jewel from the hand
Of a lost friend to me!—
Flower of a perished garland left,
Of life and beauty unbereft!

Oh! if the young enthusiast bears
O'er weary waste and sea the stone
Which crumbled from the Forum's stairs
Or round the Parthenon;
Or olive-bough from some wild tree,
Hung over old Thermopylae:

If leaflets from some hero's tomb,
Or moss-wreath torn from ruins hoary,—
Or faded flowers whose sisters bloom
On fields renowned in story,—
Or fragment from the Alhambra's crest,
Or the grey rock by Druids blessed!—

If Erin's shamrock greenly growing
Where Freedom led her stalwart kern,
Or Scotia's "rough bur thistle" blowing
On Bruce's Bannockburn—
Or Runnymede's wild English rose,
Or lichen plucked from Sempach's snows!—

If it be true that things like these
To heart and eye bright visions bring,
Shall not far holier memories
To this memorial cling?
Which needs no mellowing mist of time
To hide the crimson stains of crime!

Wreck of a temple, unprofaned—

Of courts where Peace with Freedom trod,
Lifting on high with hands unstained
Thanksgiving unto God ;
Where Mercy's voice of love was pleading
For human hearts in bondage bleeding :

Where, 'midst the sound of rushing feet
And curses on the night air flung,
That pleading voice rose calm and sweet
From woman's earnest tongue ;
And, Riot turned his scowling glance,
Awed, from her tranquil countenance !

That Temple now in ruin lies,—
The fire-stain on its shattered wall,
And open to the changing skies
Its black and roofless hall,
It stands before a Nation's sight
A grave-stone over buried Right !

But from that ruin, as of old,
The fire-scorched stones themselves are crying
And from their ashes white and cold
Its timbers are replying !
A voice which slavery cannot kill
Speaks from the crumbling arches still !

And even this relic from thy shrine
Oh, holy Freedom !—hath to me
A potent power, a voice and sign
To testify of thee ;

And grasping it methinks I feel
A deeper faith, a stronger zeal.

And not unlike that mystic rod
Of old stretched o'er the Egyptian wave
Which opened, in the strength of God,
A pathway for the slave.
It yet may point the bondman's way
And turn the spoiler from his prey.

THE WORLD'S CONVENTION

OF THE FRIENDS OF EMANCIPATION, TO BE HELD IN
LONDON IN 1840.

Yes, let them gather !—Summon forth
The pledged philanthropy of Earth,
From every land, whose hills have heard
The bugle-blast of Freedom waking ;
Or shrieking of her symbol-bird
From out his cloudy eyrie breaking ;
Where Justice hath one worshipper,
Or Truth one altar built to her ;
Where'er a human eye is weeping
O'er wrongs which Earth's sad children know,
Where'er a single heart is keeping
Its prayerful watch with human woe :
Thence let them come, and greet each other,
And know in each, a friend and brother !

Yes, let them come ! from each green vale
Where England's old baronial halls
Still bear upon their storied walls
The grim crusader's rusted mail,
Batter'd by Paynim spear and brand
On Malta's rock or Syria's sand !
And mouldering pennon-staves once set
Within the soil of Palestine,
By Jordan and Gennesaret ;
Or, borne with England's battle line,
O'er Acre's shattered turrets stooping,
Or, 'midst the camp their banners drooping,

With dews from hallowed Hermon wet.
A holier summons now is given
Than that grey hermit's voice of old,
Which unto all the winds of heaven
The banners of the Cross unrolled !
Not for the long deserted shrine,
Not for the dull unconscious sod,
Which tells not by one lingering sign
That there the Hope of Israel trod ;
But for that TRUTH, for which alone
In pilgrim eyes are sanctified
The garden moss, the mountain stone,
Whereon His holy sandals pressed—
The fountain which His lip hath blessed—
Whate'er hath touched His garment's hem
At Bethany or Bethlehem,
Or Jordan's river side.
For FREEDOM, in the name of Him
Who came to raise Earth's drooping poor,
To break the chain from every limb—
The bolt from every prison door !
For these, o'er all the earth hath passed
An ever deepening trumpet blast,
As if an Angel's breath had lent
Its vigor to the instrument.

And Wales, from Snowdon's mountain wall,
Shall startle at that thrilling call ;
As if she heard her Bards again ;
And Erin's "harp on Tara's wall"
Give out its ancient strain,
Mirthful and sweet, yet sad withal—
The melody which Erin loves,

When o'er that harp, 'mid bursts of gladness
And slogan cries and lyke-wake sadness,

The hand of her O'Connell moves :
Scotland, from lake and tarn and rill,
And mountain hold, and heathery hill,

Shall catch and echo back the note,
As if she heard upon her air
Once more her Cameronian's prayer

And song of freedom float.
And cheering echoes shall reply
From each remote dependency,
Where Britain's mighty sway is known,
In tropic sea or frozen zone ;
Where'er her sunset flag is furling
Or morning gun-fire's smoke is curling ;
From Indian Bengal's groves of palm
And rosy fields and gales of balm,
Where Eastern pomp and power are rolled
Through regal Ava's gates of gold ;
And from the lakes and ancient woods
And dim Canadian solitudes,
Whence, sternly from her rocky throne,
Queen of the North, Quebec looks down :
And from those bright and ransomed Isles
Where all unwonted Freedom smiles,
And the dark laborer still retains
The scar of slavery's broken chains

From the hoar Alps, which sentinel
The gateways of the land of Tell,
Where morning's keen and earliest glance
On Jura's icy top is thrown ;

And from the olive bowers of France
And vine groves garlanding the Rhone,—
“Friends of the Blacks,” as true and tried
As those who stood by Oge’s side—
Brissot and eloquent Gregoire—
When with free lip and heart of fire
The Haytien told his country’s wrong,
Shall gather at that summons strong
Broglie, Passy, and him, whose song
Breathed over Syria’s holy sod,
And in the paths which Jesus trod,
And murmured ’midst the hills which hem
Crownless and sad Jerusalem,
Hath echoes wheresoe’er the tone
Of Israel’s prophet-lyre is known.

Still let them come—from Quito’s walls,
And from the Oronoco’s tide—
From Lima’s Inca-haunted halls—
From Santa Fe and Yucatan,—
Chiefs who by swart Guerrero’s side
Proclaimed the deathless RIGHTS OF MAN,
Broke every bond and fetter off,
And hailed in every sable serf
A free and brother Mexican!
Chiefs who across the Andes’ chain
Have followed Freedom’s flowing pennon,
And seen on Junin’s fearful plain.
Glare o’er the broken ranks of Spain,
The fire-burst of Bolivar’s cannon!
And Hayti, from her mountain land
Shall send the sons of those who hurled
Defiance from her blazing strand—

The war-gage from her Petion's hand
Alone against a hostile world

Nor all unmindful, thou, the while
Land of the dark and mystic Nile!—
Thy Moslem mercy yet may shame
All tyrants of a Christian name,—
When in the shade of Gezeh's pile,
Or, where from Abyssinian hills
El Gerek's upper fountain fills,
Or where from mountains of the Moon
El Abiad bears his watery boon,
Where'er thy lotus blossoms swim
Within their ancient hallowed waters,
Where'er is heard thy Prophet's hymn
Or song of Nubia's sable daughters,—
The curse of SLAVERY and the crime,
Thy bequest from remotest time,
At thy dark Mehemet's decree
For evermore shall pass from thee;
And chains forsake each captive's limb
Of all those tribes, whose hills around
Have echoed back the cymbal sound
And victor horn of Ibrahim.

And thou whose glory and whose crime
To earth's remotest bound and clime,
In mingled tones of awe and scorn
The echoes of a world have borne,
My country! glorious at thy birth,
A day-star flashing brightly forth—
The herald sign of Freedom's dawn

Oh ! who could dream who saw thee then,
And watched thy rising from afar,
That vapors from oppression's fen
Would feed thy upward tending star.
Or, that Earth's tyrant powers, which heard,
Awe-struck, the shout which hailed thy dawning
Would rise so soon, prince, peer and king,
To mock thee with their welcoming,
Like Hades when her thrones were stirred
To greet the down-cast Star of Morning !
" Aha ! and art thou fallen thus ?
Art THOU become as one of us ?"

Land of my fathers !—there will stand,
Amidst that world-assembled band,
Those owning thy maternal claim
Unweakened by thy crime and shame,—
The sad reprovers of thy wrong—
The children thou hast spurned so long.
Still with affection's fondest yearning
To their unnatural mother turning.
No traitors they !—but tried and leal,
Whose own is but thy general weal,
Still blending with the patriot's zeal
The Christian's love for human kind,
To caste and climate unconfined.

A holy gathering !—peaceful all—
No threat of war—no savage call
For vengeance on an erring brother ;
But in their stead the God-like plan
To teach the brotherhood of man
To love and reverence one another,

As sharers of a common blood—
The children of a common God!—
Yet, even at its lightest word,
Shall Slavery's darkest depths be stirred :
Spain watching from her Moro's keep
Her slave-ships traversing the deep,
And Rio, in her strength and pride,
Lifting, along her mountain side,
Her snowy battlements and towers—
Her lemon groves and tropic bowers,
With bitter hate and sullen fear
Its freedom-giving voice shall hear ;
And where my country's flag is flowing,
On breezes from Mount Vernon blowing
 Above the Nation's council Halls,
Where Freedom's praise is loud and long,
 While close beneath the outward walls,—
The driver plies his reeking thong—
 The hammer of the man-thief falls,
O'er hypocritic cheek and brow
The crimson flush of shame shall glow :
And all who for their native land
Are pledging life and heart and hand—
Warn watchers o'er her changing weal,
Who for her tarnished honor feel—
Through cottage door and council-hall
Shall thunder an awakening call,
The pen along its page shall burn
With all-intolerable scorn—
And eloquent rebuke shall go
On all the winds that Southward blow ;
From priestly lips, now sealed and dumb,
Warning and dread appeal shall come,

Like those which Israel heard from him
The Prophet of the Cherubim,
Or those which sad Esaias hurled
Against a sin-accursed world ;
Its wizard-leaves the Press shall fling
Unceasing from its iron wing,
With characters inscribed thereon,

As fearful in the despot's hall
As to the pomp of Babylon

The fire-sign on the palace-wall !
And, from her dark iniquities,
Methinks I see my country rise :
Not challenging the nations round

To note her tardy justice done—
Her captives from their chains unbound,
Her prisons opening to the sun.
But tearfully her arms extending
Over the poor and unoffending ;

Her regal Emblem, now no longer
A bird of prey, with talons reeking,
Above the dying captive shrieking,
But, spreading out her ample wing—
A broad, impartial covering—

The weaker sheltered by the stronger !—
Oh, then to Faith's anointed eyes

The promised token shall be given ;
And on a nation's sacrifice,
Atoning for the sin of years,
And wet with penitential tears—
The fire shall fall from Heaven !

MASSACHUSETTS.

Written on hearing that the Resolutions of the Legislature of Massachusetts on the subject of Slavery, presented by Hon. C. CUSHING to the House of Representatives of the United States, have been laid on the table unread and unREFERRED, under the infamous rule of "PATTON'S RESOLUTION."

And have they spurn'd *thy* word,
 Thou of the old THIRTEEN!
 Whose soil, where Freedom's blood first pour'd,
 Hath yet a darker green?
 Tread the weak Southron's pride and lust
 Thy name and councils in the dust?

And have they closed thy mouth,
 And fix'd the padlock fast?
 Slave of the mean and tyrant South!
 Is this thy fate at last?
 Old Massachusetts! can it be
 That thus thy sons must speak of thee?

Call from the Capitol
 Thy chosen ones again—
 Unmeet for them the base control
 Of Slavery's curbing reign!
 Unmeet for necks like theirs to feel
 The chafing of the despot's heel!

Back from the Capitol—

It is no place for thee !

Beneath the arch of Heaven's blue wall

Thy voice may still be free !

What power shall chain thy spirit there,

In God's free sun and freer air ?

A voice is calling thee,

From all the martyr-graves

Of those stern men, in death made free,

Who could not live as slaves.

The slumberings of thy honor'd dead

Are for thy sake disquieted !

The curse of Slavery comes

Still nearer, day by day ;

Shall thy pure altars and thy homes

Become the Spoiler's prey ?

Shall the dull tread of fetter'd slaves

Sound o'er thy old and holy graves ?

Pride of the old THIRTEEN ?

That curse may yet be stay'd—

Stand thou, in Freedom's strength, between

The living and the dead ;

Stand forth, for God and Liberty

In one strong effort worthy thee !

Once more let Faneuil Hall

By Freeman's feet be trod,

And give the echoes of its wall

Once more to Freedom's God !

And in the midst, unseen, shall stand

The mighty fathers of thy land.

Thy gather'd sons shall feel
The soul of Adams near,
And Otis with his fiery zeal,
And Warren's onward cheer
And heart to heart shall thrill as when
They moved and spake as living men.

Fling, from thy Capitol,
Thy banner to the light,
And, o'er thy Charter's sacred scroll,
For Freedom and the Right,
Breathe once again thy vows, unbroken—
Speak once again as thou hast spoken.

On thy bleak hills, speak out!
A WORLD thy words shall hear;
And they who listen round about,
In friendship, or in fear,
Shall know thee still, when sorest tried,
“Unshaken and unterrified?” *

* “Massachusetts has held her way right onward, unshaken, unseduced, unterrified.”—*Speech of C. Cushing in the House of Representatives of the U. S., 1836.*

MASSACHUSETTS TO VIRGINIA.

Written on reading an account of the proceedings of the citizens of Norfolk (Va) in reference to GEORGE LATIMER, the alleged fugitive slave, the result of whose case in Massachusetts will probably be similar to that of the negro SOMERSET in England, in 1772.

The blast from Freedom's northern hills, upon its
 Southern way,
 Bears greeting to Virginia, from Massachusetts Bay:—
 No word of haughty challenging, nor battle-bugle's
 peal,
 Nor steady tread of marching files, nor clang of horse-
 men's steel.

No trains of deep-mouthed cannon along our highways
 go—
 Around our silent arsenals untrodden lies the snow;
 And to the land-breeze of our ports, upon their errands
 far,
 A thousand sails of Commerce swell, but none are
 spread for War

We hear thy threats, Virginia! thy stormy words and
 high,
 Swell harshly on the Southern winds which melt along
 our sky;

Yet, not one brown, hard hand foregoes its honest
labor here ;
No hewer of our mountain oaks suspends his axe in
fear.

Wild are the waves which lash the reefs along St.
George's bank,
Cold on the shore of Labrador the fog lies white and
dank ;
Through storm, and wave, and blinding mist, stout are
the hearts which man
The fishing-smacks of Marblehead, the sea-boats of
Cape Ann.

The cold North light, and wintry sun glare on their
icy forms,
Bent grimly o'er their straining lines or wrestling with
the storms ;
Free as the winds they drive before, rough as the waves
they roam,
They laugh to scorn the slaver's threat against their
rocky home.

What means the Old Dominion ? Hath she forgot the
day
When o'er her conquered valleys swept the Briton's
steel array ?
How side by side, with sons of hers, the Massachusetts
men
Encountered Tarleton's charge of fire, and stout Corn-
wallis, then ?

Forgets she how the Bay State, in answer to the call
Of her old House of Burgesses, spoke out from Faneuil
Hall?

When, echoing back her Henry's cry, came pulsing on
each breath

Of Northern winds, the thrilling sounds of 'LIBERTY
OR DEATH!'

What asks the Old Dominion? If now her sons have
proved

False to their father's memory—false to the faith they
loved;

If she can scoff at Freedom, and its Great Charter
spurn,

Must *we* of Massachusetts from Truth and Duty turn?

We hunt your bondmen, flying from Slavery's hateful
hell—

Our voices, at your bidding, take up the bloodhound's
yell—

We gather, at your summons, above our fathers' graves,
From Freedom's holy altar horns to tear your wretched
slaves!

Thank God! not yet so vilely can Massachusetts
bow,

The spirit of her early time is with her even now;
Dream not because her pilgrim blood moves slow, and
calm, and cool,

She thus can stoop her chainless neck, a sister's slave
and tool!

All that a *sister* State should do, all that a *free* State
may,
Heart, hand, and purse we proffer, as in our early day;
But that one dark loathsome burden, ye must stagger
with alone,
And reap the bitter harvest which ye yourselves have
sown!

Hold, while ye may, your struggling slaves, and bur-
den God's free air
With woman's shriek beneath the lash, and manhood's
wild despair;
Cling closer to the 'cleaving curse' that writes upon
your plains,
The blasting of Almighty wrath against a land of
chains.

Still shame your gallant ancestry, the cavaliers of old,
By watching round the *shambles* where human flesh is
sold—
Gloat o'er the new-born child, and count his market
value, when
The maddened mother's cry of woe shall pierce the
slaver's den!

Lower than plummet soundeth, sink the Virginian
name;
Plant, if ye will, your fathers' graves with rankest
weeds of shame;
Be, if ye will, the scandal of God's fair universe—
We wash our hands for ever, of your sin, and shame,
and curse.

A voice from lips whereon the coal from Freedom's
shrine hath been,
Thrilled, as but yesterday, the hearts of Berkshire's
mountain men :
The echoes of that solemn voice are sadly lingering still
In all our sunny valleys, on every wind-swept hill.

And when the prowling man-thief came hunting for
his prey
Beneath the very shadow of Bunker's shaft of grey,
How, through the free lips of the son, the father's
warning spoke ;
How, from its bonds of trade and sect the Pilgrim city
broke !

A hundred thousand right arms were lifted up on high,
A hundred thousand voices sent back their loud reply ;
Through the thronged towns of Essex the startling
summons rang,
And up from bench and loom and wheel her young
mechanics sprang.

The voice of free, broad Middlesex—of thousands as
of one—

The shaft of Bunker calling to that of Lexington—
From Norfolk's ancient villages ; from Plymouth's
rocky bound
To where Nantucket feels the arms of ocean close her
round ;

From rich and rural Worcester, where through the
calm repose
Of cultured vales and fringing woods the gentle Na-
shua flows,

To where Wachusett's wintry blasts the mountain
larches stir,
Swelled up to heaven the thrilling cry of 'God save
Latimer!'

And sandy Barnstable rose up, wet with the salt sea
spray—
And Bristol sent her answering shout down Narragan-
sett Bay!
Along the broad Connecticut old Hampden felt the
thrill,
And the cheer of Hampshire's woodmen swept down
from Holyoke Hill.

The voice of Massachusetts! Of her free sons and
daughters—

Deep calling unto deep aloud—the sound of many
waters!

Against the burden of that voice what tyrant power
shall stand?

No fetters in the Bay State! No slave upon her land!

Look to it well, Virginians! In calmness we have borne,
In answer to our faith and trust, your insult and your
scorn;

You've spurned our kindest counsels—you've hunted
for our lives—

And shaken round our hearths and homes your man-
acles and gyves!

We wage no war—we lift no arm—we fling no torch
within

The fire-damps of the quaking mine beneath your soil
of sin;

We leave ye with your bondmen—to wrestle while ye
can,
With the strong upward tendencies and God-like soul
of man!

But for us and for our children, the vow which we have
given

For Freedom and humanity, is registered in Heaven:

No slave-hunt in our borders—no pirate on our strand!

No fetters in the Bay State—no slave upon our Land!

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE, the black chieftain of Hayti, was a slave on the plantation "de Libertas," belonging to M. Bayou. When the rising of the negroes took place, in 1791, Toussaint refused to join them, until he had aided M. Bayou and his family to escape to Baltimore. The white man had discovered in Toussaint many noble qualities, and had instructed him in some of the first branches of education; and the preservation of his life was owing to the negro's gratitude for this kindness.

In 1797, Toussaint L'Ouverture was appointed, by the French government, General-in-Chief of the armies of St. Domingo, and, as such, signed the Convention with General Maitland, for the evacuation of the island by the British. From this period until 1801, the island, under the government of Toussaint, was happy, tranquil, and prosperous. The miserable attempt of Napoleon to re-establish slavery in St. Domingo, although it failed of its intended object, proved fatal to the negro chieftain. Treacherously seized by Le Clerc, he was hurried on board a vessel by night, and conveyed to France, where he was confined in a cold subterranean dungeon, at Besaçon, where, in April, 1803, he died. The treatment of Toussaint finds a parallel only in the murder of the Duke d'Enghein. It was the remark of Godwin, in his Lectures, that the West India islands, since their first discovery by Columbus, could not boast of a single name which deserves comparison with that of TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

The moon was up. One general smile
Was resting on the Indian isle—
Mild, pure, ethereal; rock and wood,
In searching sunshine, wild and rude,

Rose, mellow'd through the silver gleam,
Soft as the landscape of a dream.
All motionless and dewy wet,
Tree, vine, and flower in shadow met :
The myrtle with its snowy bloom,
Crossing the nightshade's solemn gloom—
The white crecopia's silver rind
Relieved by deeper green behind,—
The orange with its fruit of gold,—
The lithe paullinia's verdant fold,—
The passion-flower, with symbol holy,
Twining its tendrils long and lowly,—
The rhexias dark, and cassia tall,
And, proudly rising over all,
The kingly palm's imperial stem,
Crown'd with its leafy diadem,—
Star-like, beneath whose sombre shade,
The fiery-wing'd cucullo play'd !

Yes—lovely was thine aspect, then,
Fair island of the Western Sea !
Lavish of beauty, even when
Thy brutes were happier than thy men,
For *they*, at least, were *free* !
Regardless of thy glorious clime,
Unmindful of thy soil of flowers,
The toiling negro sigh'd, that Time
No faster sped his hours.
For, by the dewy moonlight still,
He fed the weary-turning mill,
Or bent him in the chill morass,
To pluck the long and tangled grass,

And hear above his scar-worn back
The heavy slave-whip's frequent crack ;
While in his heart one evil thought
In solitary madness wrought,—
One baleful fire surviving still
The quenching of th' immortal mind—
One sterner passion of his kind,
Which even fetters could not kill,—
The savage hope, to deal, ere long,
A vengeance bitterer than his wrong !

Hark to that cry !—long, loud and shrill,
From field and forest, rock and hill,
Thrilling and horrible it rang,

Around, beneath, above ;—
The wild beast from his cavern sprang—
The wild bird from her grove !

Nor fear, nor joy, nor agony
Were mingled in that midnight cry ;
But, like the lion's growl of wrath,
When falls that hunter in his path,
Whose barbed arrow, deeply set,
Is rankling in his bosom yet,
It told of hate, full, deep and strong—
Of vengeance kindling out of wrong ;
It was as if the crimes of years—
The unrequited toil—the tears—
The shame and hate, which liken well
Earth's garden to the nether Hell,
Had found in Nature's self a tongue
On which the gather'd horror hung ;
As if from cliff, and stream, and glen,
Burst, on the startled ears of men,

That voice which rises unto God,
Solemn and stern—the cry of blood !
It ceased—and all was still once more,
Save ocean chafing on his shore,
The sighing of the wind between
The broad banana's leaves of green,
Or bough by restless plumage shook,
Or murmuring voice of mountain brook.

Brief was the silence. Once again
Peal'd to the skies that frantic yell—
Glow'd on the heavens a fiery stain,
And flashes rose and fell ;
And, painted on the blood-red sky,
Dark, naked arms were tossed on high ;
And, round the white man's lordly hall,
Trode, fierce and free, *the brute he made* ;
And those who crept along the wall,
And answer'd to his lightest call
With more than spaniel dread—
The creatures of his lawless beck—
Were trampling on his very neck !
And, on the night-air, wild and clear,
Rose woman's shriek of more than fear ;
For bloodied arms were round her thrown,
And dark cheeks press'd against her own !

Then, injured Afric!—for the shame
Of thy own daughters, vengeance came
Full on the scornful hearts of those,
Who mock'd thee in thy nameless woes,
And to thy hapless children gave
One choice—pollution, or the grave !

Dark-brow'd Toussaint!—The storm had risen
Obedient to his master-call—
The Negro's mind had burst its prison—
His hand its iron thrall!
Yet where was he, whose fiery zeal
First taught the trampled heart to feel,
Until Despair itself grew strong,
And Vengeance fed its torch from wrong?
Now—when the thunder-bolt is speeding;
Now—when oppression's heart is bleeding;
Now—when the latent curse of Time
Is raining down, in fire and blood—
That curse which, through long years of crime—
Has gather'd, drop by drop, its flood—
Why strikes he not, the foremost one,
Where Murder's sternest deeds are done?

He stood the aged palms beneath,
That shadow'd o'er his humble door,
Listening, with half-suspended breath,
To the wild sounds of fear and death—
Toussaint l'Ouverture!
What marvel that his heart beat high!
The blow for freedom had been given;
And blood had answer'd to the cry
Which earth sent up to Heaven!
What marvel, that a fierce delight
Smiled grimly o'er his brow of night,
As groan, and shout, and bursting flame,
Told where the midnight tempest came,
With blood and fire along its van,
And death behind!—he was a MAN!

Yes, dark-soul'd chieftain!—if the light
Of mild Religion's heavenly ray
Unveil'd not to thy mental sight
The lowlier and the purer way
In which the Holy Sufferer trod,
Meekly amidst the sons of crime,—
That calm reliance upon God
For justice, in His own good time,—
That gentleness, to which belongs
Forgiveness for its many wrongs,
Even as the primal martyr, kneeling
For mercy on the evil-dealing,—
Let not the favor'd white man name
Thy stern appeal, with words of blame
Has *he* not, with the light of Heaven
Broadly around him, made the same?
Yea, on a thousand war-fields striven,
And gloried in his open shame?—
Kneeling amidst his brothers' blood,
To offer mockery unto God,
As if the High and Holy One
Could smile on deeds of murder done!—
As if a human sacrifice
Were purer in His holy eyes,
Though offer'd up by Christian hands,
Than the foul rites of Pagan lands!

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Sternly, amidst his household band,
His carbine grasp'd within his hand,
The white man stood, prepared and still,
Waiting the shock of madden'd men,
Unchain'd, and fierce as tigers, when
The horn winds through their cavern'd hill
And one was weeping in his sight,—
The fairest flower of all the isle,—
The bride who seem'd but yesternight
The image of a smile.
And, clinging to her trembling knee,
Look'd up the form of infancy,
With tearful glance in either face,
The secret of its fear to trace.

“Ha—stand, or die!” The white man's eye
His steady musket gleam'd along,
As a tall Negro hasten'd nigh,
With fearless step and strong.
“What, ho, Toussaint!” A moment more,
His shadow cross'd the lighted floor.
“Away,” he shouted; “fly with me,—
The white man's bark is on the sea;—
Her sails must catch the seaward wind,
For sudden vengeance sweeps behind.
Our brethren from their graves have spoken,
The yoke is spurn'd—the chain is broken;
On all the hills our fires are glowing—
Through all the vales red blood is flowing!
No more the mocking White shall rest
His foot upon the Negro's breast;

No more, at morn or eve, shall drip
The warm blood from the driver's whip :—
Yet, though Toussaint has vengeance sworn
For all the wrongs his race have borne,—
Though for each drop of Negro blood,
The white man's veins shall pour a flood ;
Not all alone the sense of ill
Around his heart is lingering still,
Nor deeper can the white man feel
The generous warmth of grateful zeal,
Friends of the Negro ! fly with me—
The path is open to the sea :
Away, for life !" —He spoke and press'd
The young child to his manly breast,
As, headlong, through the cracking cane
Down swept the dark insurgent train—
Drunken and grim—with shout and yell
Howl'd through the dark, like sounds from hell !

Far out, in peace, the white man's sail
Sway'd free before the sunrise gale.
Cloud-like that island hung afar,
 Along the bright horizon's verge,
O'er which the curse of servile war
 Roll'd its red torrent, surge on surge.
And he—the Negro champion—where
 In the fierce tumult, struggled he ?
Go trace him by the fiery glare
Of dwellings in the midnight air—
The yells of triumph and despair—
 The streams that crimson to the sea !

Sleep calmly in thy dungeon-tomb,
 Beneath Besangon's alien sky,
 Dark Haytien!—for the time shall come,—
 Yea, even now is nigh—
 When, every where, thy name shall be
 Redeem'd from *color's infamy*;
 And men shall learn to speak of thee,
 As one of earth's great spirits, born
 In servitude, and nursed in scorn,
 Casting aside the weary weight
 And fetters of its low estate,
 In that strong majesty of soul,
 Which knows no color, tongue or clime—
 Which still hath spurn'd the base control
 Of tyrants through all time!
 Far other hands than mine may wreath
 The laurel round thy brow of death,
 And speak thy praise, as one whose word
 A thousand fiery spirits stir'd,—
 Who crush'd his foeman as a worm—
 Whose step on human hearts fell firm:—*

* The reader may, perhaps, call to mind the beautiful sonnet of William Wordsworth, addressed to Toussaint l'Ouverture, during his confinement in France.

Toussant?—thou most unhappy man of men?
 Whether the whistling rustic tends his plough
 Within thy hearing, or thou liest now
 Buried in some deep dungeon's earless den;
 Oh, miserable chieftain!—where and when
 Wilt thou find patience?—Yet, die not; do thou
 Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:

Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and skies,—
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee : thou hast great allies.
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind."

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE FEMALE MARTYR.

MARY G.—, aged 18, a “SISTER OF CHARITY,” died in one of our Atlantic cities, during the prevalence of the Indian Cholera, while in voluntary attendance upon the sick.

“Bring out your dead!” the midnight street
 Heard and gave back the hoarse, low call;
 Harsh fell the tread of hasty feet—
 Glanced through the dark the coarse white sheet—
 Her coffin and her pall.
 “What—only one!” the brutal hackman said,
 As, with an oath, he spurn’d away the dead.

How sunk the inmost hearts of all,
 As roll’d that dead-cart slowly by,
 With creaking wheel and harsh hoof-fall!
 The dying turn’d him to the wall,
 To hear it and to die!—
 Onward it roll’d; while oft its driver stay’d,
 And hoarsely clamor’d, “Ho!—bring out your dead.”

It paused beside the burial-place ;

“Toss in your load !”—and it was done.—

With quick hand and averted face,

Hastily to the grave’s embrace

They cast them, one by one—

Stranger and friend—the evil and the just,

Together trodden in the church-yard dust !

And thou, young martyr !—thou wast there—

No white-robed sisters round thee trod—

Nor holy hymn, nor funeral prayer

Rose through the damp and noisome air

Giving thee to thy God ;

Nor flower, nor cross, nor hallow’d taper gave

Grace to the dead, and beauty to the grave !

Yet, gentle sufferer !—there shall be,

In every heart of kindly feeling,

A rite as holy paid to thee

As if beneath the convent-tree

Thy sisterhood were kneeling

At vesper hours, like sorrowing angels, keeping

Their tearful watch around thy place of sleeping

For thou wast one in whom the light

Of Heaven’s own love was kindled well,

Enduring with a martyr’s might,

Through weary day and wakeful night,

Far more than words may tell :

Gentle, and meek, and lowly, and unknown—

Thy mercies measured by thy God alone !

Where manly hearts were failing,—where
The throngful street grew foul with death,
O, high soul'd martyr!—thou wast there,
Inhaling from the loathsome air,
Poison with every breath.
Yet shrinking not from offices of dread
For the wrung dying, and the unconscious dead.

And, where the sickly taper shed
Its light through vapors, damp, confined,
Hush'd as a seraph's fell thy tread—
A new Electra by the bed
Of suffering human-kind!
Pointing the spirit, in its dark dismay,
To that pure hope which fadeth not away.

Innocent teacher of the high
And holy mysteries of Heaven!
How turn'd to thee each glazing eye,
In mute and awful sympathy,
As thy low prayers were given;
And the o'er-hovering Spoiler wore, the while,
An angel's features—a deliverer's smile!

A blessed task!—and worthy one
Who, turning from the world, as thou,
Ere being's pathway had begun
To leave its spring-time flower and sun,
Had seal'd her early vow—
Giving to God her beauty and her youth,
Her pure affections and her guileless truth.

Earth may not claim thee. Nothing here
Could be for thee a meet reward ;
Thine is a treasure far more dear—
Eye hath not seen it, nor the ear
Of living mortal heard,—
The joys prepared—the promised bliss above—
The holy presence of Eternal Love !

Sleep on in peace. The earth has not
A nobler name than thine shall be.
The deeds by martial manhood wrought,
The lofty energies of thought,
The fire of poesy—
These have but frail and fading honors ;—thine
Shall Time unto Eternity consign.

Yea—and, when thrones shall crumble down,
And human pride and grandeur fall,—
The herald's line of long renown—
The mitre and the kingly crown—
Perishing glories all !
The pure devotion of thy generous heart
Shall live in Heaven, of which it was a part !

H Y M N.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.)

A hymn more, O my lyre !
 Praise to the God above,
 Of joy and life and love,
 Sweeping its strings of fire !

Oh ! who the speed of bird and wind
 And sunbeam's glance will lend to me,
 That, soaring upward, I may find
 My resting-place and home in Thee ?—
 Thou, whom my soul, midst doubt and gloom,
 Adoreth with a fervent flame—
 Mysterious spirit ! unto whom
 Pertain nor sign nor name !

Swiftly my lyre's soft murmurs go,
 Up from the cold and joyless earth,
 Back to the God who bade them flow,
 Whose moving spirit sent them forth.
 But, as for me, O God ! for me,
 The lowly creature of Thy will,
 Lingering and sad, I sigh to Thee.
 An earth-bound pilgrim still !

Was not my spirit born to shine
Where yonder stars and suns are glowing ?
To breathe with them the light divine,
From God's own holy altar flowing ?
To be, indeed, whate'er the soul
In dreams hath thirsted for so long—
A portion of Heaven's glorious whole
Of loveliness and song ?

Oh! watchers of the stars at night,
Who breathe their fire, as we the air—
Suns, thunders, stars, and rays of light,
Oh! say, is He—the Eternal, there ?
Bend there around His awful throne
The seraph's glance, the angel's knee ?
Or are thy inmost depths His own,
O wild and mighty sea ?

Thoughts of my soul, how swift ye go !
Swift as the eagle's glance of fire,
Or arrows from the archer's bow,
To the far aim of your desire !
Thought after thought, ye thronging rise,
Like spring-doves from the startled wood,
Bearing like them your sacrifice
Of music unto God !

And shall these thoughts of joy and love
Come back again no more to me ?—
Returning like the Patriarch's dove,
Wing-weary from the eternal sea,
To bear within my longing arms
The promise-bough of kindlier skies,
Pluck'd from the green, immortal palms
Which shadow Paradise ?

All-moving Spirit!—freely forth

At Thy command the strong wind goes ;
Its errand to the passive earth,

Nor art can stay, nor strength oppose,
Until it folds its weary wing

Once more within the hand divine ;
So, weary from its wandering,
My spirit turns to Thine !

Child of the sea, the mountain stream,

From its dark caverns, hurries on,
Ceaseless, by night and morning's beam,

By evening's star and noontide's sun,
Until at last it sinks to rest,

O'erwearied, in the waiting sea,
And moans upon its mother's breast—
So turns my soul to Thee !

O Thou who bid'st the torrent flow

Who lendest wings unto the wind—
Mover of all things ! where art Thou ?

Oh, whither shall I go to find
The secret of Thy resting place ?

Is there no holy wing for me,
That, soaring, I may search the space
Of highest Heaven for Thee ?

Oh, would I were as free to rise

As leaves on Autumn's whirlwind borne—
The arrowy light of sunset skies,

Or sound, or ray, or star of morn
Which melts in heaven at twilight's close

Or aught which soars uncheck'd and free
Through Earth and Heaven ; that I might lose
Myself in finding Thee

PALESTINE.

Blest land of Judea ! thrice hallow'd of song
 Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng ;
 In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea,
 On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee.

With the eye of a spirit I look on that shore,
 Where pilgrim and prophet have linger'd before ;
 With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod
 Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

Blue sea of the hills !—in my spirit I hear
 Thy waters, Genesaret, chime on my ear ;
 Where the Lowly and Just with the people sat down,
 And thy spray on the dust of His sandals was thrown.

Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of green,
 And the desolate hills of the wild Gadarene ;
 And I pause on the goat-crag of Tabor to see
 The gleam of thy waters, O dark Galilee !

Hark, a sound in the valley ! where, swollen and strong
 Thy river, O Kishon, is sweeping along ;
 Where the Canaanite strove with Jehovah in vain,
 And thy torrent grew dark with the blood of the slain.

There, down from his mountains stern Zebulon came
And Naphtali's stag, with his eye-balls of flame,
And the chariots of Jabin roll'd harmlessly on,
For the arm of the Lord was Abinoam's son !

There sleep the still rocks and the caverns which rang
To the song which the beautiful prophetess sang,
When the princes of Issachar stood by her side,
And the shout of a host in its triumph replied.

Lo, Bethlehem's hill-site before me is seen,
With the mountains around, and the valleys between ;
There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there
The song of the angels rose sweet on the air.

And Bethany's palm trees in beauty still throw
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below ;
But where are the sisters who hasten'd to greet
The lowly Redeemer, and sit at His feet ?

I tread where the TWELVE in their way-faring trod ;
I stand where they stood with the CHOSEN OF GOD—
Where His blessing was heard and His lessons were
taught,
Where the blind were restored and the healing was
wrought.

Oh, here with His flock the sad Wanderer came—
These hills He toiled over in grief, are the same—
The founts where He drank by the way-side still flow,
And the same airs are blowing which breathed on his
brow !

And throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,
But with dust on her forehead, and chains on her feet;
For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath gone,
And the holy Shechinah is dark where it shone.

But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode
Of Humanity clothed in the brightness of God?
Were my spirit but turned from the outward and dim
It could gaze, even now, on the presence of Him!

Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as when,
In love and in meekness, He moved among men;
And the voice which breathed peace to the waves of the
 sea,
In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me!

And what if my feet may not tread where He stood,
Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,
Nor my eyes see the cross which He bow'd him to
 bear,
Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden of prayer

Yet Loved of the Father, Thy Spirit is near
To the meek, and the lowly, and penitent here;
And the voice of Thy love is the same, even now.
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.

Oh, the outward hath gone!—but, in glory and power
The SPIRIT surviveth the things of an hour;
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame
On the heart's secret altar is burning the same!

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

When the BREATH DIVINE is flowing
 Zephyr-like o'er all things going,
 And, as the touch of viewless fingers,
 Softly on my soul it lingers,
 Open to a breath the lightest,
 Conscious of a touch the slightest—
 As some calm still lake, whereon
 Sinks the snowy-bosom'd swan,
 And the glistening water-rings
 Circle round her moving wings:

When my upward gaze is turning
 Where the stars of heaven are burning
 Through the deep and dark abyss—
 Flowers of midnight's wilderness,
 Blowing with the evening's breath
 Sweetly in their Maker's path:

When the breaking day is flushing
 All the East, and light is gushing
 Upward through the horizon's haze,
 Sheaf-like, with its thousand rays
 Spreading, until all above
 Overflows with joy and love,
 And below, on earth's green bosom,
 All is changed to light and blossom:

When, my waking fancies over
Forms of brightness flit and hover
Holy as the seraphs are,
Who by Zion's fountains wear
On their foreheads, white and broad,
"HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD!"
When, inspired with rapture high,
It would seem a single sigh
Could a world of love create—
That my life could know no date,
And my eager thoughts could fill
Heaven and Earth, o'erflowing still!—

Then, O Father!—Thou alone,
From the shadow of Thy throne,
To the sighing of my breast
And its rapture answerest.
All my thoughts, which, upward winging,
Bathe where Thy own light is springing—
All my yearnings to be free
Are as echoes answering Thee!

Seldom upon lips of mine
Father! rests that name of Thine—
Deep within my inmost breast,
In the secret place of mind,
Like an awful Presence shrined,
Doth its dread Idea rest!
Hush'd and holy dwells it there—
Prompter of the silent prayer,
Lifting up my spirit's eye
And its faint but earnest cry,
From its dark and cold abode,
Unto Thee, my Guide and God!

THE CALL OF THE CHRISTIAN.

Not always as the whirlwind's rush
 On Horeb's mount of fear,
 Not always as the burning bush
 To Midian's shepherd seer,
 Nor as the awful voice which came
 To Israel's prophet bards,
 Nor as the tongues of cloven flame,
 Nor gift of fearful words—

Not always thus, with outward sign
 Of fire or voice from Heaven,
 The message of a truth divine—
 The call of God is given!
 Awaking in the human heart
 Love for the TRUE AND RIGHT—
 Zeal for the Christian's "better part,"
 Strength for the Christian's fight.

Nor unto manhood's heart alone
 The holy influence steals;
 Warm with a rapture not its own,
 The heart of WOMAN feels!
 As she who by Samaria's wall
 The Saviour's errand sought—
 As those who with the fervent Paul
 And meek Aquila wrought;

Or those meek ones whose martyrdom
Rome's gather'd grandeur saw
Or those who in their Alpine home
Braved the Crusader's war,
When the green Vaudois, trembling heard,
Through all its vales of death,
The martyr's song of triumph pour'd
From woman's failing breath.

Oh, gently, by a thousand things
Which o'er our spirits pass,
Like breezes o'er the harp's fine strings
Or vapors o'er a glass,
Leaving their token strange and new
Of music or of shade,
The summons to the RIGHT and TRUE
And MERCIFUL is made.

Oh, then, if gleams of Truth and Light
Flash o'er the waiting mind,
Unfolding to our mental sight
The wants of human kind ;
If, brooding over human grief,
The earnest wish is known
To soothe and gladden with relief
An anguish not our own :

Though heralded with nought of fear,
Or outward sign, or show ;
Though only to the inward ear
It whispers soft and low ;
Though dropping, as the manna fell,
Unseen—yet from above—
Holy and gentle—heed it well !
The call to TRUTH and LOVE !

LINES WRITTEN IN THE BOOK OF A FRIEND.

On page of thine I cannot trace
 The cold and heartless common-place—
 A statue's fixed and marble grace.

For ever as these lines are penned,
 Still with the thought of thee, will blend
 That of some loved and common friend

Who, in life's desert track has made
 His pilgrim tent with mine, or laid
 Beneath the same remembered shade.

And hence my pen unfettered moves
 In freedom which the heart approves—
 The negligence which friendship loves

And wilt thou prize my poor gift less
 For simple air and rustic dress,
 And sign of haste and carelessness ?—

Oh ! more than specious counterfeit
 Of sentiment, or studied wit
 A heart like thine should value it.

Yet half I fear my gift will be
 Unto thy book, if not to thee,
 Of more than doubtful courtesy.

A banished name from Fashion's sphere—
A lay unheard of Beauty's ear,
Forbid, disowned,—what do they here?—

Upon my ear not all in vain
Came the sad captive's clanking chain—
The groaning from his bed of pain.

And sadder still, I saw the woe
Which only wounded spirits know
When Pride's strong footsteps o'er them go.

Spurned not alone in walks abroad,
But in the "temples of the Lord,"
Thrust out apart like things abhorr'd.

Deep as I felt, and stern and strong
In words which Prudence smothered long
My soul spoke out against the Wrong.

Not mine alone the task to speak
Of comfort to the poor and weak,
And dry the tear on Sorrow's cheek;

But, mingled in the conflict warm,
To pour the fiery breath of storm
Through the harsh trumpet of Reform;

To brave Opinion's settled frown,
From ermined robe and saintly gown,
While wrestling hoary error down.

Founts gushed beside my pilgrim way
Cool shadows on the green sward lay
Flowers swung upon the bending spray.

And, broad and bright on either hand
Stretched the green slopes of Fairy land,
With Hope's eternal sunbow spanned ;

Whence voices called me like the flow
Which on the listener's ear will grow
Of forest streamlets soft and low.

And gentle eyes which still retain,
Their picture on the heart and brain,
Smiled, beckoning from that path of pain.

In vain !—nor dream, nor rest, nor pause,
Remain for him who round him draws
The battered mail of Freedom's cause.

From youthful hopes—from each green spot
Of young Romance, and gentle thought,
Where storm and tumult enter not.

From each fair altar, where belong
The offerings Love requires of Song
In homage to her bright-eyed throng,

With soul and strength, with heart and hand,
I turned to Freedom's struggling hand—
To the sad Helots of our land.

What marvel then that Fame should turn
Her notes of praise to those of scorn—
Her gifts reclaimed—her smiles withdrawn

What matters it !—a few years more,
Life's surge so restless heretofore
Shall break upon the unknown shore !

In that far land shall disappear
The shadows which we follow here—
The mist-wreaths of our atmosphere !

Before no work of mortal hand,
Of human will or strength expand
The pearl gates of the "better land ;"

Alone in that pure Love which gave
Life to the sleeper of the grave,
Resteth the power to "seek and save."

Yet, if the spirit gazing through
The vista of the Past can view
One deed to Heaven and Virtue true ;

If through the wreck of wasted powers,
Of garlands wreathed from Folly's bowers,
Of idle aims and mis-spent hours,

The eye can note one sacred spot
By Pride and Self profaned not—
A green place in the waste of thought,

Where deed or word hath rendered less
"The sum of human wretchedness,"
And Gratitude looks forth to bless—

The simple burst of tenderest feeling
From sad hearts worn by evil-dealing,
For blessing on the hand of healing,—

Better than Glory's pomp, will be
That green and blessed spot to me—
A land-mark in Eternity !—

Something of Time which may invite
The purified and spiritual sight
To rest on with a calm delight.

And when the summer winds shall sweep
With their light wings my place of sleep
And mosses round my head-stone creep,

If still, as Freedom's rallying sign,
Upon the young heart's altars shine
The very fires they caught from mine,

If words my lips once uttered still
In the calm faith and steadfast will
Of other hearts, their work fulfil,

Perchance with joy the soul may learn
These tokens, and its eye discern,
'The fires which on those altars burn,—

A marvellous joy that even then,
The spirit hath its life again,
In the strong hearts of mortal men.

Take, lady, then, the gift I bring,
No gay and graceful offering—
No flower-smile of the laughing spring.

Midst the green buds of Youth's fresh May,
With Fancy's leaf-enwoven bay,
My sad and sombre gift I lay.

And if it deepens in thy mind
A sense of suffering human kind—
The outcast and the spirit-blind;

Oppressed and spoiled on every side,
By Prejudice, and Scorn, and Pride;
Life's common courtesies denied

Sad mothers mourning o'er their trust,
Children by want and misery nursed.
Tasting Life's bitter cup at first.

If to their strong appeals which come
From fireless hearth—and crowded room,
And the dark alley's noisome gloom,—

Though dark the hands upraised to thee
In mute beseeching agony,
Thou lend'st thy woman's sympathy,

Not vainly on thy gentle shrine
Where Love, and Mirth, and Friendship twine
Their varied gifts, I offer mine.

LUCY HOOPE R.

Died in Brooklyn, L. I., on the 1st of the 8th month, 1841,
aged 24 years.

They tell me, Lucy, thou art dead—
That all of thee we loved and cherished,
Has with thy summer roses perished ;
And left, as its young beauty fled,
An ashen memory in its stead—
The twilight of a parted day
Where fading light is cold and vain ;
The heart's faint echo of a strain
Of low, sweet music passed away.
That true and loving heart—that gift
Of a mind, earnest, clear, profound,
Bestowing, with a glad unthrift,
Its sunny light on all around,
Affinities which only could
Cleave to the pure, the true and good ;
And sympathies which found no rest,
Save with the loveliest and the best.
Of them—of thee remains there nought
But sorrow in the mourner's breast ?—
A shadow in the land of thought ?
No!—Even *my* weak and trembling faith
Can lift for thee the veil which doubt
And human fear have drawn about
The all-awaiting scene of death.

Even as thou wast I see thee still;
And, save the absence of all ill,
And pain and weariness, which here
Summoned the sigh or wrung the tear,
The same as when, two summers back,
Beside our childhood's Merrimack,
I saw thy dark eye wander o'er
Stream, sunny upland, rocky shore,
And heard thy low, soft voice alone
'Midst lapse of waters, and the tone
Of pine leaves by the west-wind blown,
There's not a charm of soul or brow—
Of all we knew and loved in thee—
But lives in holier beauty now,
Baptized in immortality!
Not mine the sad and freezing dream
Of souls that, with their earthly mould,
Cast off the loves and joys of old—
Unbodied—like a pale moonbeam,
As pure, as passionless, and cold;
Nor mine the hope of Indra's son,
Of slumbering in oblivion's rest,
Life's myriads blending into one—
In blank annihilation blest;
Dust-atoms, of the Infinite—
Sparks scattered from the central light,
And winning back through mortal pain,
Their old unconsciousness again.
No!—I have FRIENDS in Spirit Land—
Not shadows in a shadowy band,
Not *others*, but *themselves* are they
And still I think of them the same
As when the Master's summons came;

Their change—the holy morn-light breaking
Upon the dream-worn sleeper, waking—
A change from twilight into day.

They've laid thee 'midst the household graves
Where father, brother, sister lie ;
Below thee sweep the dark blue waves,
Above thee bends the summer sky.
Thy own loved church in sadness read
Her solemn ritual o'er thy head,
And blessed and hallowed with her prayer
The turf laid lightly o'er thee there.
That church, whose rites and liturgy,
Sublime and old, were truth to thee,
Undoubted, to thy bosom taken
As symbols of a faith unshaken.
Even I, of simpler views, could feel
The beauty of thy trust and zeal ;
And owning not thy creed, could see
How deep a truth it seemed to thee,
And how thy fervent heart had thrown
O'er all, a colouring of its own,
And kindled up, intense and warm,
A life in every rite and form,
As, when on Chebar's banks of old,
The Hebrew's gorgeous vision rolled,
A spirit filled the vast machine—
A life "within the wheels" was seen.

Farewell ! A little time, and we
Who knew thee well, and loved thee here,
One after one shall follow thee
As pilgrims through the gate of fear,

Which opens on eternity.
Yet shall we cherish not the less
All that is left our hearts meanwhile
The memory of thy loveliness,
Shall round our weary pathway smile,
Like moonlight when the sun has set—
A sweet and tender radiance yet.
Thoughts of thy clear-eyed sense of duty,
Thy generous scorn of all things wrong—
The truth, the strength, the graceful beauty
Which blended in thy song.
All lovely things by thee beloved,
Shall whisper to our hearts of thee ;
These green hills, where thy childhood roved—
Yon river winding to the sea—
The sunset light of autumn eves
Reflecting on the deep, still floods,
Cloud, crimson sky, and trembling leaves
Of rainbow-tinted woods,—
These, in our view, shall henceforth take
A tenderer meaning for thy sake ;
And all thou loved'st of earth and sky,
Seem sacred to thy memory

THE WATCHER.

"And Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, took sackcloth, and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of Heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night."—2 *Sam.* xxi. 10

Tall men and kingly-brow'd!—they led them forth
Bound for the sacrifice. It was high noon;
And ancient Gibeah, emptied of her life,
Rose silently before the harvest sun.
Her dwellers had gone out before the walls,
With a stern purpose; and her maidens lean'd
Breathless for its fulfilment, from the hills,
Uncheer'd by reaper's song. The harvest lay
Stinted and sere upon their parched tops.
The streams had perish'd in their goings on;
And the deep fountains fail'd. The fervent sun,
Unchasten'd by a cloud, for months had shone
A lidless eye in heaven; and all the sky
Glow'd as a furnace, and the prodigal dew
With the scorch'd earth held no companionship.
A curse was over Israel. Unjudged crime
Had wrought it in the elements. Her soil
Was unblest'd as the heathen's; and the plagues
Of those who knew not God, and bow them down
To a strange worship, had been meted her.

The sacrifice was finish'd. Gideon roll'd
Back like a torrent through the city gates
Her gather'd thousands ; and her victims lay
Naked beneath the brazen arch of heaven,
On the stain'd Rock of Sacrifice. The sun
Went down his heated pathway with a slow
And weary progress, as he loved to gaze
On the dark horror of his burning noon—
The sacrifice of Innocence for Guilt,
Whose blood had sent its sleepless murmur up
To the Avenger's ear, until fierce wrath
Burn'd over earth and heaven, and Vengeance held
The awful mastery of the elements.

Who stealeth from the city, in the garb
Which tokens the heart's sorrow, and which seems
Around her wasted form to shadow forth
The visitation of dark grief within ?
Lo !—she hath pass'd the valley, and her foot
Is on the Rock of Sacrifice—and now
She stoopeth over the unburied dead,
And moves her lip, but speaks not. It is strange
And very fearful ! The descending sun
Is pausing like a fire-wing'd Angel on
The bare hills of the West, and, fierce and red,
His last rays fall aslant the place of blood,
Colouring its dark stains deeper. Lo ! she kneels
To cover, with a trembling hand, the cold
And ghastly work of Death—those desecrate
And darken'd temples of the living soul !

Her task was finish'd ; and she went away
A little distance, and, as night stole on

With dim star-light and shadow, she sat down
Upon a jutting fragment of the rock—
A solitary watcher. The red glow
That wrestled with the darkness, and sent up
Its spear-like lines of light until they waned
Into the dark blue zenith, pass'd away,
And, from the broad and shadow'd West, the stars
Shone through substantial blackness. Midnight came ;
The wind was groaning on the hills and through
The naked branches of their perishing trees,
And strange sounds blended with it. The gaunt wolf,
Scenting the place of slaughter, with his long
And most offensive howl did ask for blood ;
And the hyana sat upon the cliff,
His red eye glowing terribly ; and low,
But frequent and most fearfully, his growl
Came to the watcher's ear. Alone she sat,
Unmoving as her resting-place of rock.
Fear for herself she felt not—every tie
That once took hold on life with aught of love
Was broken utterly. Her eye was fix'd,
Stony and motionless, upon the pall
Which veil'd her princely dead. And this was love
In its surpassing power—yea, love as strong
As that which binds the peopled Universe,
And pure as angel-worship, when the just
And beautiful of Heaven are bow'd in prayer!

The night stole into morning, and the sun,
Red and unwelcome, rose without a cloud,
And there was Rizpah still, woe-worn and pale ;
And yet in her dark eye and darker hair,
And in the marble and uplifted brow,

And the much wasted figure, might be seen
A wreck of perfect beauty such as bow'd
The throned one of Israel at her feet,
Low as the trampled Philistine had knelt
Before his mailed presence. Not a tear
Glisten'd on eye or cheek, but still she gazed
On the dark veil of sackcloth with a strange
And fixed earnestness. The sky again
Redden'd with heat, and the unmoisten'd earth
Was like the ashen surface of the hush'd
But perilous volcano. Rizpah bore
The fever of the noon-time, with a stern
And awful sense of duty nerving her,
In her devotedness. She might not leave
The high place of her watching for the shade
Of cluster'd palm-trees ; and the lofty rocks,
Casting their grim and giant shadows down,
Might not afford her shelter ; for the sweep
Of heavy wings went over her like clouds
Crossing the sunshine, and most evil birds,
Dark and obscene,— the jaguars of the air !—
From all the hills had gather'd. Far and shy
The sombre raven sat upon his rock,
And his vile mate did mock him. The vast wing
Of the great eagle, stooping from the sun,
Winnow'd the cliffs above her !

Day by day,
Beneath the scorching of the unveil'd sun,
And the unweeping solitude of night,
Pale Rizpah kept her vigils ; and her prayer
Went up at morn and eventide, that Earth
Might know the gentle visitings of rain

And be accurs'd no more. And when at last
God thunder'd in the heavens, and clouds came up
From their long slumber, and the great rain fell,
And the parch'd earth drank deeply, Rizpah knew
Her prayers were answered, and she knelt again
In earnest gratitude; and when the storm
Roll'd off before the sunshine, kindly hands
Convey'd away her wasted charge, and gave
The sons of Saul a sepulchre with him.

STANZAS.

SUGGESTED BY A LETTER FROM A FRIEND.

I see thee still before me, even
 As when we parted,
 When o'er thy blue eye's brilliant heaven
 A tear had started ;
 And a slight tremor in thy tone,
 Like that of some frail harp-string blown
 By fitful breezes, faint and low,
 Told, in that brief and sad farewell,
 All that affection's heart may tell,
 And more than words can show !

Yet, thou art with the dreamless dead
 Quietly sleeping,
 Around the marble at thy head
 The wild grass creeping !—
 How many thoughts, which but belong
 Unto the living and the young,
 Have whisper'd from my heart of thee,
 When thou wast resting calmly there,
 Shut from the blessed sun and air—
 From life, and love, and me !

Why did I leave thee?—Well I knew
 A flower so frail
 Might sink beneath the Summer dew,
 Or soft Spring gale :

I knew how delicately wrought,
With feeling and intensest thought,
Was each sweet lineament of thine ;—
And that thy heaven-ward soul would gain
An early freedom from its chain,
Was there not many a sign ?

There was a brightness in thine eye
Yet not of mirth—
A light whose clear intensity
Was not of earth !
Along thy cheek a deepening red
Told where the feverish hectic fed,
And, yet, each fearful token gave
A newer and a dearer grace
To the mild beauty of thy face,
Which spoke not of the grave !

Why did I leave thee ?—Far away
They told of lands
Glittering with gold, and none to stay
The gleaner's hands.
For this I left thee—ay, and sold
The *riches of my heart for gold* !
For yonder mansion's vanity—
For green verandas, hung with flowers,
For marbled fount and orange bowers,
And grove and flowering tree.

Vain—worthless, all ! The lowliest spot
Enjoy'd with thee,
A richer and a dearer lot
Would seem to me :

For well I knew that thou could'st find
Contentment in thy spotless mind,
And in my own unchanging love.
Why did I leave thee?—Fully mine
The blessing of a heart like thine,
What could I ask above?

Mine is a selfish misery—
I cannot weep
For one supremely blest, like thee,
With Heaven's sleep;
The passion and the strife of time
Can never reach that sinless clime,
Where the redeem'd of spirit dwell?—
Why should I weep that thou art free
From all the grief which maddens me?—
Sainted and loved—Farewell!

FOLLEN.

ON READING HIS ESSAY ON "THE FUTURE STATE."

Friend of my soul!—as with moist eye
 I look up from this page of thine
 Is it a dream that thou art nigh,
 Thy mild face gazing into mine?

That presence seems before me now
 A placid heaven of sweet moonrise,
 When, dew-like, on the earth below
 Descends the quiet of the skies.

The calm brow through the parted hair,
 The gentle lips which know no guile
 Softening the blue eye's thoughtful care
 With the bland beauty of their smile.

Ah me!—at times that last dread scene
 Of Frost and Fire and moaning Sea,
 Will cast its shade of doubt between
 The failing eyes of Faith, and thee.

Yet, lingering o'er thy charmed page,
 Where through the twilight air of earth,
 Alike enthusiast and sage,
 Prophet and bard, thou gazest forth

Lifting the Future's solemn veil,
The reaching of a mortal hand
To put aside the cold and pale
Cloud-curtains of the Unseen Land !

In thoughts which answer to my own,
In words which reach my inward ear
Like whispers from the void Unknown,
I feel thy living presence here.

The waves which lull thy body's rest,
The dust thy pilgrim footsteps trod,
Unwasted, through each change, attest
The fixed economy of God.

Shall these poor elements outlive
The mind whose kingly will they wrought ?
Their gross unconsciousness survive
Thy godlike energy of thought ?

THOU LIVEST, FOLLEN !—not in vain
Hath thy fine spirit meekly borne
The burden of Life's cross of pain,
And the thorned crown of suffering worn.

Oh ! while Life's solemn mystery glooms
Around us like a dungeon's wall—
Silent earth's pale and crowded tombs,
Silent the heaven which bends o'er all !—

While day by day our loved ones glide
In spectral silence, hushed and lone,
To the cold shadows which divide
The living from the dread Unknown;

While even on the closing eye,
And on the lip which moves in vain,
The seals of that stern mystery
Their undiscovered trust retain;—

And only midst the gloom of death,
Its mournful doubts and haunting fears,
Two pale, sweet angels, Hope and Faith,
Smile dimly on us through their tears;—

'Tis something to a heart like mine
To think of thee as living yet
To feel that such a light as thine
Could not in utter darkness set.

Less dreary seems the untried way
Since thou hast left thy footprints there,
And beams of mournful beauty play
Round the sad Angel's sable hair.

Oh!—at this hour when half the sky
Is glorious with its evening light,
And fair broad fields of summer lie
Hung o'er with greenness in my sight;

While through these elm boughs wet with rain
The sunset's golden walls are seen,
With clover bloom and yellow grain
And wood-draped hill and stream between ;

I long to know if scenes like this
Are hidden from an angel's eyes ;
If earth's familiar loveliness
Haunts not thy heaven's serener skies.

For sweetly here upon thee grew
The lesson which that beauty gave,
Th' ideal of the Pure and True
In earth, and sky, and gliding wave

And it may be that all which lends
The soul an upward impulse here,
With a diviner beauty blends,
And greets us in a holier sphere.

Through groves where blighting never fell
The humble flowers of earth may twine ;
And simple draughts from childhood's well
Blend with the angel-tasted wine.

But be the prying vision veiled,
And let the seeking lips be dumb,—
Where even seraph eyes have failed
Shall mortal blindness seek to come ?

We only know that thou hast gone,
And that the same returnless tide
Which bore thee from us, still glides on,
And we who mourn thee with it glide.

On all thou lookest we shall look,
And to our gaze ere long shall turn
That page of God's mysterious book
We so much wish, yet dread to learn.

With Him, before whose awful power
Thy spirit bent its trembling knee,—
Who, in the silent greeting flower,
And forest leaf, looked out on thee,—

We leave thee, with a trust serene
Which Time, nor Change, nor Death can move.
While with thy childlike faith we lean
On Him whose dearest name is Love !

TO A FRIEND,

ON HER RETURN FROM EUROPE

How smiled the land of France
 Under thy blue eye's glance,
 Light-hearted rover!
 Old walls of chateaux grey,
 Towers of an early day
 Which the Three Colours play
 Flauntingly over.

Now, midst the brilliant train
 Thronging the banks of Seine:
 Now midst the splendour
 Of the wild Alpine range,
 Waking with change on change
 Thoughts in thy young heart strange,
 Lovely and tender.

Vales, soft, Elysian,
 Like those in the vision
 Of Mirza, when, dreaming,
 He saw the long hollow dell
 Touched by the prophet's spell
 Into an ocean swell
 With its isles teeming.

Cliffs wrapt in snows of years,
Splintering with icy spears
 Autumn's blue heaven :
Loose rock and frozen slide,
Hung on the mountain side,
Waiting their hour to glide
 Downward, storm-driven !

Rhine stream, by castle old
Baron's and robber's hold,
 Peacefully flowing ;
Sweeping through vineyards green,
Or where the cliffs are seen
O'er the broad wave between
 Grim shadows throwing

Or, where St. Peter's dome
Swells o'er eternal Rome
 Vast, dim, and solemn,—
Hymns ever chanting low—
Censers swung to and fro—
Sable stoles sweeping slow
 Cornice and column !

Oh, as from each and all
Will there not voices call
 Evermore back again ?
In the mind's gallery
Wilt thou not ever see
Dim phantoms beckon thee
 O'er that old track again ?

New forms thy presence haunt—
New voices softly chant—
 New faces greet thee!—
Pilgrims from many a shrine
Hallowed by poet's line
At memory's magic sign
 Rising to meet thee.

And when such visions come
Unto thy olden home,
 Will they not waken
Deep thoughts of Him whose hand
Led thee o'er sea and land
Back to the household band
 Whence thou wast taken?

While at the sunset time,
Swells the cathedral's chime,
 Yet in thy dreaming,
While to thy spirit's eye
Yet the vast mountains lie
Piled in the Switzer's sky
 Icy and gleaming:

Prompter of silent prayer
Be the wild picture there
 In the mind's chamber,
And, through each coming day
Him, who, as staff and stay,
Watched o'er thy wandering way,
 Freshly remember.

So, when the call shall be
Soon or late unto thee,
 As to all given ;
Still may that picture live,
All its fair forms survive,
And to thy spirit give
 Gladness in Heaven !

DEMOCRACY.

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.—MATTHEW vii. 12.

Oh, fairest born of Love and Light,
 Yet bending brow and eye severe
 On all which pains the holy sight
 Or wounds the pure and perfect ear

Beautiful yet thy temples rise,
 Though there profaning gifts are thrown;
 And fires unkindled of the skies
 Are glaring round thy altar-stone.

Still sacred—though thy name be breathed
 By those whose hearts thy truth deride,
 And garlands, plucked from thee, are wreathed
 Around the haughty brows of Pride.

Oh, ideal of my boyhood's time!
 The faith in which my father stood,
 Even when the sons of Lust and Crime
 Had stained thy peaceful courts with blood!

Still to those courts my footsteps turn,
 For through the mists which darken there,
 I see the flame of Freedom burn—
 The Kebla of the patriot's prayer!

The generous feeling, pure and warm,
 Which owns the right of *all* divine—
 The pitying heart—the helping arm—
 The prompt self-sacrifice—are thine

Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,
How fade the lines of caste and birth !
How equal in their suffering lie
The groaning multitudes of earth !

Still to a stricken brother true,
Whatever clime hath nurtured him ;
As stooped to heal the wounded Jew
The worshipper of Gerizim.

By misery unrepelled, unawed
By pomp or power, thou see'st a MAN
In prince or peasant—slave or lord—
Pale priest, or swarthy artisan.

Through all disguise, from, place or name,
Beneath the flaunting robes of sin,
Through poverty and squalid shame,
Thou lookest on *the man* within.

On man, as man, retaining yet,
Howe'er debased, and soiled, and dim,
The crown upon his forehead set—
The immortal gift of God to him.

And there is reverence in thy look ;
For that frail form which mortals wear
The Spirit of the Holiest took,
And veiled His perfect brightness there.

Not from the poor and shallow fount
Of vain philosophy thou art,
He who of old on Syria's mount
Thrilled, warmed, by turns the listener's heart,

In holy words which cannot die,
In thoughts which angels leaned to know,
Proclaimed thy message from on high—
Thy mission to a world of woe.

That voice's echo hath not died !
From the blue lake of Galilee,
And Tabor's lonely mountain side,
It calls a struggling world to thee.

Thy name and watchword o'er this land
I hear in every breeze that stirs,
And round a thousand altars stand
Thy banded Party worshippers.

Not to these altars of a day
At Party's call, my gift I bring;
But on thy olden shrine I lav,
A freeman's dearest offering;

The voiceless utterance of his will—
His pledge to Freedom and to Truth,
That manhood's heart remembers still
The homage of its generous youth.



